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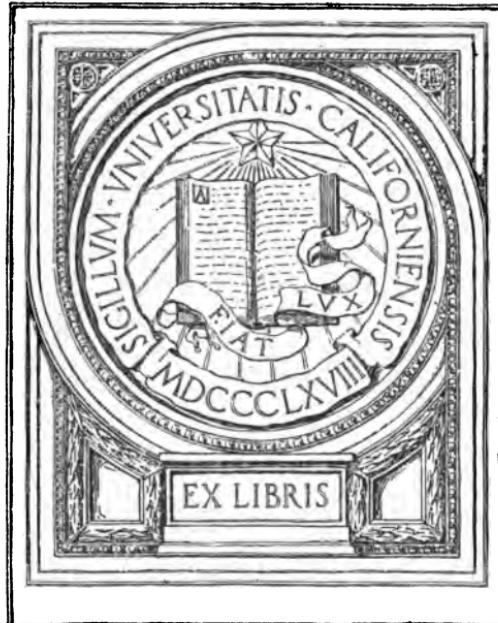
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A BOOK OF
POEMS
BY
ARTHUR F. FULLER

GIFT OF
Class of 1900



985
F965
b 1913

COURIE

Vol. 7. No. 9.

Single numbers. 10-

THE MONTHLY LETTER

Dear Friends:—

Dear Friends.—
Have not been on the streets for about six weeks. Seems queer. Figured up the hours I am usually in the open air and what I have been having on the new system of things. Found I had been out 11 hours in a period in which heretofore I have been getting 150 or more. Find the touch with humanity has been lessened, so that ideas do not come so readily. Hence, beginning this Courier, I hardly know what to say. Feel empty. But will see what I can dig up, in the way of ideas.

Last week I played bum. Went to five affairs. Have a pupil, Mr. Kearney, who is a moving picture operator employed at the Hippodrome. He said he thought he could fix up a welcome for me there. Have been trying to get to that for months. Pupil who usually comes on Monday night went to La Jolla for a vacation, which left me an evening free. Tried my "pull" at the "Hip." It worked like a charm. Enjoyed the vaudeville especially. Prefer it to pictures. Had a good laugh.

Tuesday I called up Mrs. Behymer and asked if she would talk to her husband and see if I might hear Louis Graveure, the Belgian baritone, that night, in his concert at the Trinity Auditorium. They said, "Come on; glad to have you." Went. Enjoyed it immensely. Glad to get to hear this great artist.

Thursday afternoon I attended the Matinee Musical Club concert. Dandy programme. Enjoyed it very much.

Friday afternoon, went to hear the Symphony Orchestra Concert. Mr. Clifford Lott, baritone, was special soloist. Enjoyed it all very much. Hustled home. Gave a lesson and then went to the Dahm-Petersen Academy of Music to hear a Pupils' Recital. About the middle of the program, Mr. Dahm-Pet-

too through me,
to make manuscript
work and leave the
cal part, the lab-
bodies nearer me
not been fully seen.
were her's and she
likes, but it seems
a Chance' was to
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Kindly treat one or even considerably, but who has harm-
mered out the pleasure is learned by ear; then
me truth about the per-
the teacher makes some suggestions
of more or less value in regard to in-
terpretation. When a dozen or less
songs have been learned in this
way, the teacher turns an artist-
put very little. Yet such is a common
problem. This system is a little better,
but then hardly be called the
most effective method of teaching.

(Continued in May Center)

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es it and so desires, they are free to a coin in it, so as to assist in covering the actual costs, as profits, refreshments, etc.

It looks as though I had succeeded in filling up my space. Hope dear readers have enjoyed it. After quite now so as to have room another installment of "Artisticism." Think some of my subscribers read it and like it. If it seems to be much read, may discontinue, usually make one or two poems month and could fill up the space other matter without any difficulty.

so grateful to God, so happy to that I do not have to take toiling again. Am glad to be this nearer being free to do what I can. Am interested in nearly all of pupils—most interested in those are making the best efforts to get where and co-operate with me. are making excellent progress. all who can will attend my Recital so they can see or hear themselves what I can do as a singer. Given equal material and equal advantages, I am confident by God's help, do as much good to students, as they could obtain here.

A lots of love to my dear, faithful praying friends, and thank-contributors to the Fund and toelfare; thanking my students for faith and broadness of mind in giving aside the personal, in not being laid away by my physical handicaps; their laying aside pride and the of the swell studios up-town, the of being able to say they have done with so-and-so; those who preferred me; who have seen virtue in my work and power in my mind individuality and have been con-to make some kind of an effort to their part and trust to my guidance, conscientiousness and fitness, I n.

Faithfully,

In who is, to the best of his light ability, on the job, doing His her's business; giving musical, vocal truths which he has demonstrated; crepts of beauty and wisdom which is able to convey and project and transmit,

ARTHUR F. FULLER.

Appointment by appointment only.
line 54168. 1138 Valencia St.

* * * *

ARTISTIC VOCALISM

(Continued from Feb. Courier)
ithematics or truism of geometry
any man could create? Can a man invent a natural law? Is there
personal in an everlasting

choosing a teacher, because it is not "written to sell." It is not a product of the spirit of commercialism. Its issue is not a necessity. Whether or not it has an extensive sale is of trifling importance. Its principles will not be warped or violated to accommodate other or previous publications by various authors. The kind reader may therefore trust its teachings and accept them at their face value. In the majority of cases, the witness of the reader's own mind, will be sufficient testimony to convince him of the correctness of the principles herein taught.

Having carefully read "Artistic Vocalism," which will not take many hours, the student will then be ready to make an appointment with a teacher for consultation. Remembering that the teacher has to depend upon his time disposal for his income, be prepared to pay at lesson-fee rates for this session. Hearing the teacher's ideas and obtaining a try-out is illuminating to both teacher and student. The latter can know by the trial, what line of ideas the teacher subscribes to. Where the teacher is well established and when his or her pupils uniformly show improvement in a reasonable length of time—say a year, as a minimum—then the student may feel safe in entrusting his vocal welfare with such an instructor.

On the cards of some teachers appears the somewhat inelegant word, "Coach." This of course does not indicate that the party has a four wheeled vehicle to rent, but is intended to convey the idea that this person offers to act as special tutor preparing the ambitious young artist for examination or particular public performance.

We do not approve of studio slang, but employing this word in its usual application, we would comment that there are legitimate coaches and fake coaches—plain counterfeits. In Los Angeles, a certain man opened a finely appointed studio in one of the finest studio buildings and advertised himself as a "coach."

This man had never had a vocal lesson in his life, had studied but little, could not play any instrument and could not read music. He simply rented an automatic piano and obtained rolls of the songs he essayed to teach, laboriously fitting the words to the tune, writing them on the roll from a printed copy. He would have this played on his electric piano, until the student learned it by heart. When a dozen or so songs were thus mastered, he turned loose upon the world, a deluded mortal who thought he taught something and was "some punkins" as a singer. The student should beware of such imposters.

Another brand of coach is one where the teacher does play with one finger

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by
Arthur Franklin Fuller

THE WIND
ADVENTURE

WETZEL BROS. PRINTING CO.
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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

A BOOK OF
POEMS
BY
ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

Seventh Thousand
Revised and Greatly Enlarged
Edition

ANCHOR PUBLISHING CO.
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Berkeley, California

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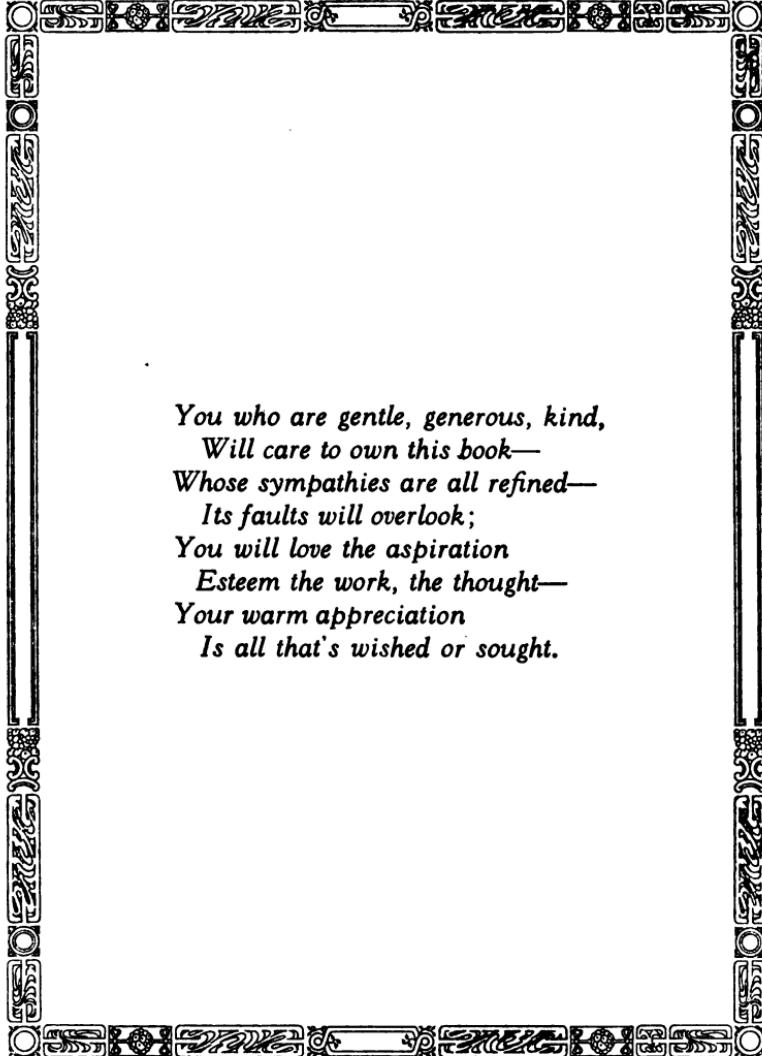
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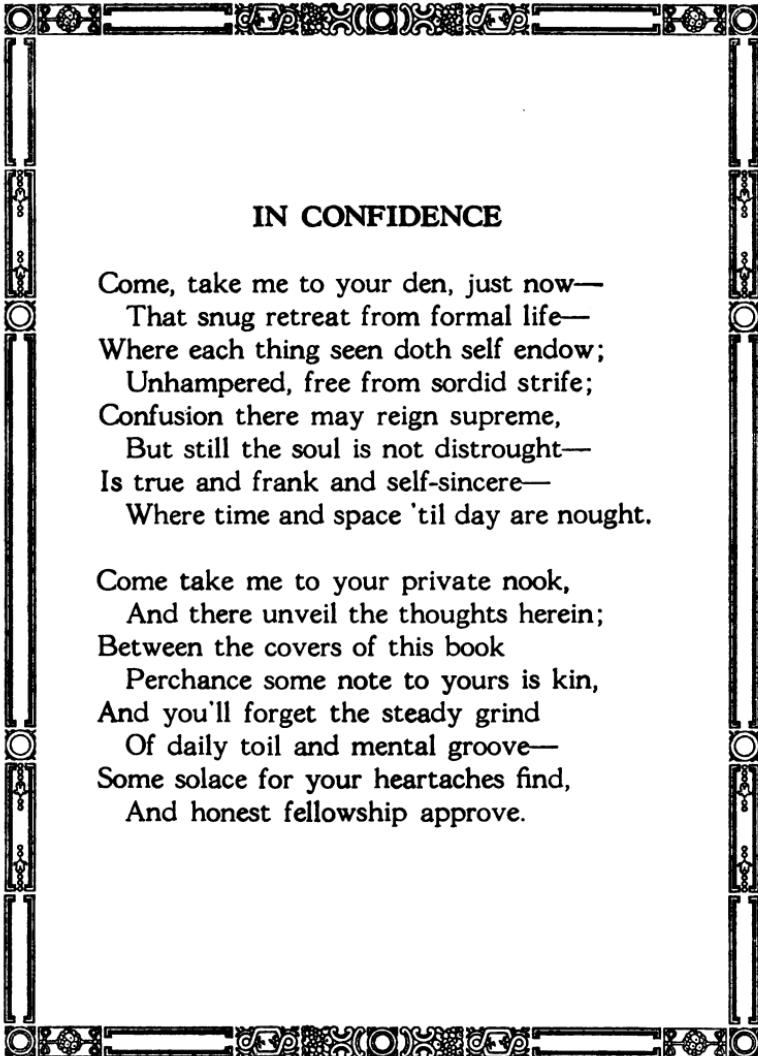
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*You who are gentle, generous, kind,
Will care to own this book—
Whose sympathies are all refined—
Its faults will overlook;
You will love the aspiration
Esteem the work, the thought—
Your warm appreciation
Is all that's wished or sought.*



IN CONFIDENCE

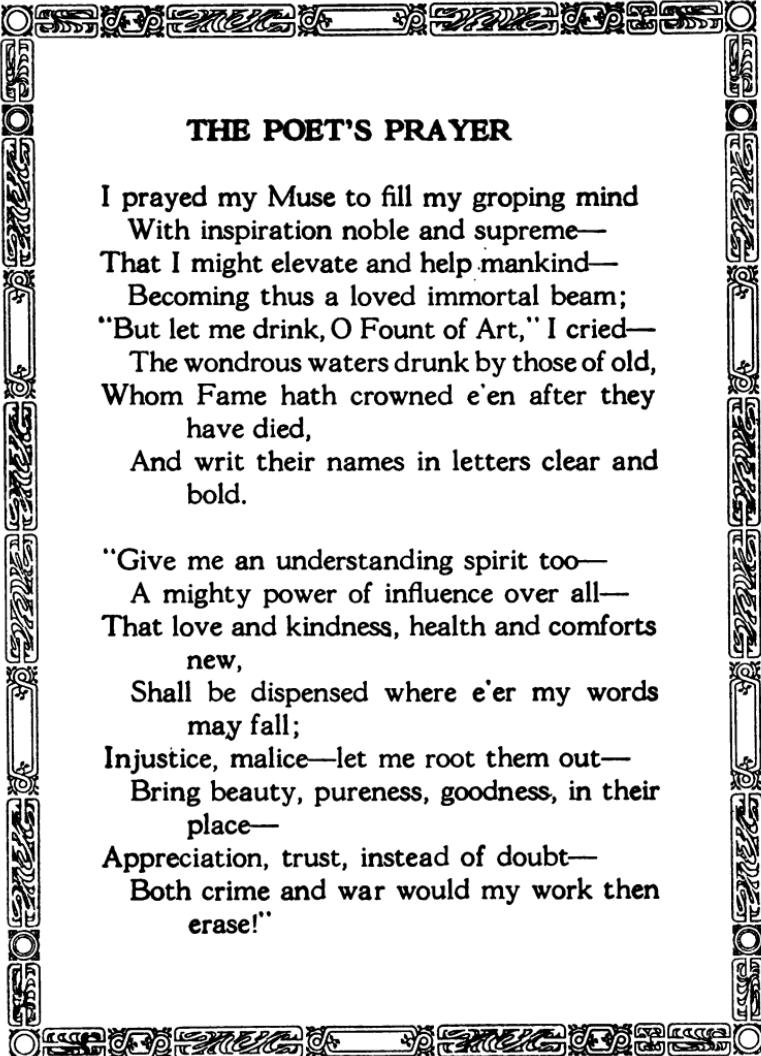
Come, take me to your den, just now—
That snug retreat from formal life—
Where each thing seen doth self endow;
Unhampered, free from sordid strife;
Confusion there may reign supreme,
But still the soul is not distraught—
Is true and frank and self-sincere—
Where time and space 'til day are nought.

Come take me to your private nook,
And there unveil the thoughts herein;
Between the covers of this book
Perchance some note to yours is kin,
And you'll forget the steady grind
Of daily toil and mental groove—
Some solace for your heartaches find,
And honest fellowship approve.

Come, take me to your hallowed place,
Where fervid prayers outspoken be
Expressed with every pulsing thought—
Unvarnished, simple—grandly free!
O now receive your humble guest,
And find yourself as sweet received—
And thus your spirit will be blest—
These Heart-Life rhymes be soon retrieved.

Come, take me to your quiet nook,
Make welcome there your humble guest—
Mayhap within this modest book
Awaits some germ of peace and rest;
Some hint of grit may stir your blood—
Your soul with fire and hope renew,
And thus Tomorrow's sunny flood
Bring confidence in life—and You.





THE POET'S PRAYER

I prayed my Muse to fill my groping mind
With inspiration noble and supreme—
That I might elevate and help mankind—
Becoming thus a loved immortal beam;
"But let me drink, O Fount of Art," I cried—
The wondrous waters drunk by those of old,
Whom Fame hath crowned e'en after they
have died,
And writ their names in letters clear and
bold.

"Give me an understanding spirit too—
A mighty power of influence over all—
That love and kindness, health and comforts
new,
Shall be dispensed where e'er my words
may fall;
Injustice, malice—let me root them out—
Bring beauty, pureness, goodness, in their
place—
Appreciation, trust, instead of doubt—
Both crime and war would my work then
erase!"

"Twas thus I prayed—my Muse but smiled
and said,

"Thine aspirations grace thee well my son—
Some due reward shall surely crown thy
head—

Repay thine industry—hard toil, well done.
But it is not for thee to do a work

As great as thou hast asked and yearned
to do;

I tell thee gently now without a quirk,
So Time can leave thy vision just and true.

"Be thou content with that I deign to give—
So many lives are spoiled by too much
ease—

The happiest souls are those who love to live,
Who love to work and someone's need ap-
pease;

If thou wilt strive with all thy little might,
Wilt labor hard with hand and heart and
head,

Thy rhymes may gain thee lodging for a
night,

May win for thee a crust of hardened bread.

“If thou canst be a mouth-piece for one soul,
Whom pain, despair or love hath stricken
dumb,
Canst be a message—help one gain a goal,
Give comfort to some heart by grief made
numb;
Assure one fear-crazed soul that nears the
 brink,
Death's shoreless river leads to rest and
 peace,
No soul who has done his best, here needs to
 shrink,
The hardest strain is sometime bound to
 cease.

“If thou canst cheer one laboured drooping
heart,
Canst 'rouse the best in one by shame cast
down—
If thou canst take the weaker vessel's part,
Give one a smile in place of worry's frown;
Then thou may'st see thou hast not wrought
in vain—
To help one soul get nearer to his God—
To strengthen one to bear his bitter pain,
Is worth thy while my son, so onward plod”



MEMORY'S SOLACE

I bless Thee, Father Time,
Despite thy varied pace,
Thou'st let me know
The sunshine of her face,
And hence my woe-tried soul
Can brave Tomorrow—
Her sweetness Mem'ry stored—
From thence I'll borrow.

I bless thee, Mother Earth—
Despite the changing years
Thou'st held thine own
And lost no grace by tears;
And though, both Birth and Death
Attend Tomorrow,
A solace Mem'ry gives
To quell man's sorrow.



A HEART'S REQUEST

O turn me not away,
The quest has been so long—
Life's way has been so hard,
The tempest strong.

Receive my aching heart,
And let my spirit rest;
Of all earth's roses fair
Thou art the dearest, best.

Take thou my loving hand,
Hear my despairing cry;
Life's bitter turn to sweet,
And be thou ever nigh.

O do thou understand,
My humble, ardent call;
Open thy heart, thine arms,
And love me "Best of all."



HELP ME TO WIN HER

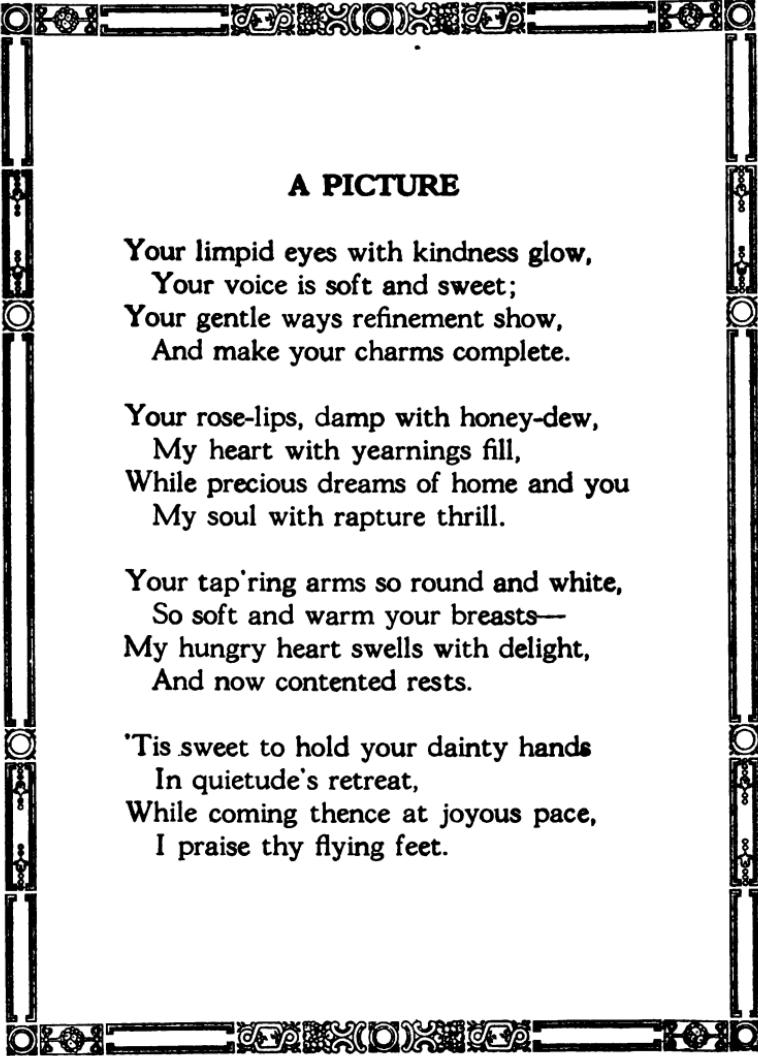
Shine, glorious sun—smile, cloudless sky,
Babbling brook cry, tender breeze sigh,
Plead, mighty ocean—you may stir
Her heart, 'til I win her.

Beam, hopeful face; look, sanguine eye;
Bound, aspiring heart, at joyous pace.
Exalted mind, her praise prefer—
Lend thine aid to win her.

For her all Nature sings a song;
For her this glad world moves along—
What raptures in her presence are!
Help me, Heav'n, to win her.

Bedeck thyself with colors rare,
Dame Nature; make the world more fair!
Her soul expand—and she her hand
Shall yield, and I win her!





A PICTURE

Your limpid eyes with kindness glow,
Your voice is soft and sweet;
Your gentle ways refinement show,
And make your charms complete.

Your rose-lips, damp with honey-dew,
My heart with yearnings fill,
While precious dreams of home and you
My soul with rapture thrill.

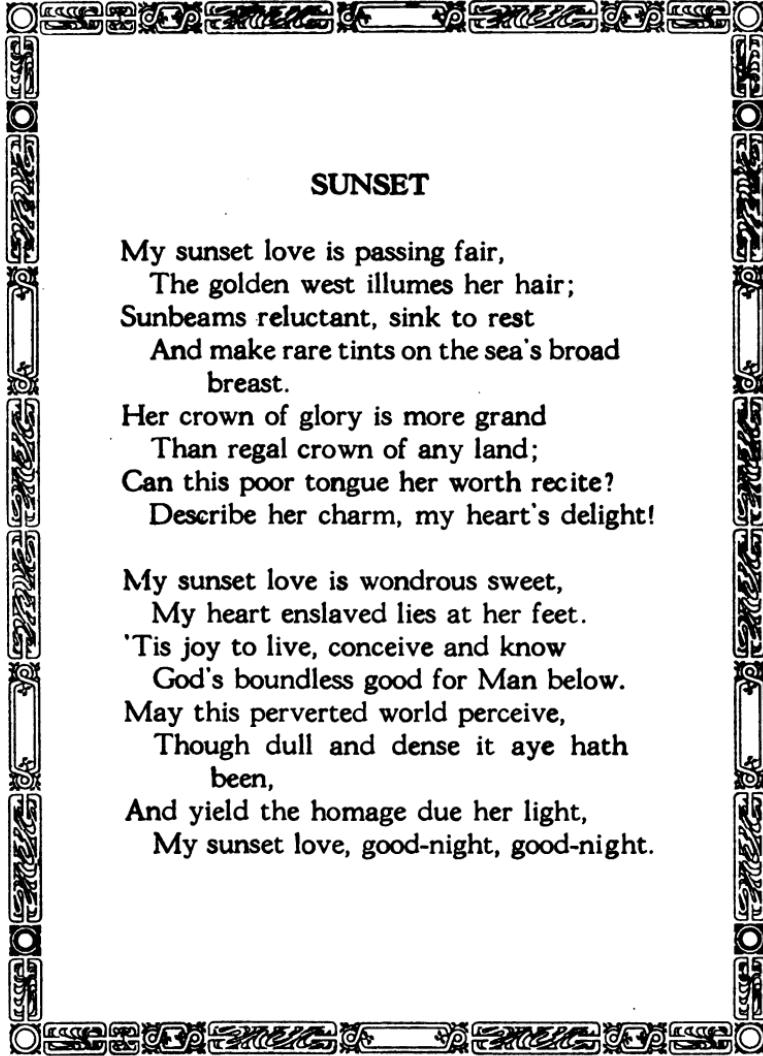
Your tap'ring arms so round and white,
So soft and warm your breasts—
My hungry heart swells with delight,
And now contented rests.

'Tis sweet to hold your dainty hands
In quietude's retreat,
While coming thence at joyous pace,
I praise thy flying feet.

Your many gifts and faults so few,
Your cultivated powers
Assure appreciation true,
And coming pleasant hours.

Holy that temple, top to toe,
In palace or lowly cot—
Though miles divide, I humbly pray,
That thou forget me not.





SUNSET

My sunset love is passing fair,
The golden west illumines her hair;
Sunbeams reluctant, sink to rest
And make rare tints on the sea's broad
breast.
Her crown of glory is more grand
Than regal crown of any land;
Can this poor tongue her worth recite?
Describe her charm, my heart's delight!

My sunset love is wondrous sweet,
My heart enslaved lies at her feet.
'Tis joy to live, conceive and know
God's boundless good for Man below.
May this perverted world perceive,
Though dull and dense it aye hath
been,
And yield the homage due her light,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love hath eyes that shine
With mildness, mercy—gifts divine;
No evil things engage her thought—
Of plot or plunder she knows naught;
With her no games for bloody gold—
Of selling souls and being sold,
So, godly fair, and simply bright,
Heav'n keep my sunset love this night!

My sunset love hath sunny hair
That charms away my weary care;
In her companionship I find
Repair for body, soul and mind;
Ah, all is well when love is near,
To soothe and comfort, rest and cheer—
Life and the West with gold are bright,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love hath pearly teeth,
As sweet as new-mown hay her breath—
Rose petals form her dainty lips,
My soul in fancy boldly sips
The nectar of her kisses sweet;
For her alone this heart doth beat—
Her angel hands are soft and white,
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

My sunset love's dear voice to me
Is sweeter than a song-bird's glee—
Ignoble impulse flees in shame
At the mere mention of her name!
Her flesh is soft and firm; and grace
Of movement, outline, give her place
As queen of queens—O vision bright!
My sunset love, good-night, good-night.

And thus may you my love behold
 Templed Life, in Beauty's mold;
Of all God's creatures, you'll agree,
 The fairest of the fair is she!
I cannot, would not think nor dream
 Of anything in Earth or Heav'n
Save God and her, my life, my light,
 My sunset love, good-night, good-night.



MONEY

Money—Money—Money—

Once I sought the jingling hoard-stuff,
Heard its siren tinkle sounding,
Felt the lust that makes men battle,
Disregard all save achievement;
Every muscle, nerve and talent,
Bent to winning sordid treasures,
Scorning peace and homelier pleasures,
Blinding eyes to Nature's doings,
Deafening ears to song-bird's wooings,
Longing, feverish, for that great hour,
When should sound at their dictation
Siren tones that conquer most men—
Make them slaves as I have been.

Money—Money—Money—

Well I knew its magic jingle,
Sweet, elusive as its mother;
Tameless, lawless, who may hold her?
Wings she taketh, swift and silent,
Leaving subtly, without warning—

Cruel as a woman's scorning.

Money! how the sound did lure me—
Made me bow to my task-master,
Fiercely guard each hard won vantage—
Long it baffled my endeavors;
But in time I gained the summit—
Formed a gold-tide, watched the scramble—
Made a test of what 'twould buy me.

Money—Money—Money—

Disapproving frowns now vanished;
Doors that had been closed, now opened—
Haughty ways were changed to fawning;
Strangers boasted long acquaintance,
Pledged their everlasting friendship;
Balls, receptions, in my honor,
Signs of favor without number,
Sped the time, fulfilled my longings,
Turned such appetite to loathing;
Satan laughing, scoffing, sneering,
Watched the fall my hopes were taking;
All this lacked the ring of true steel—
Echoed only siren tinkle.

Money—Money—Money—
When the silly, vapid laughter
Died away and left me stranded,
When the dance had turned to fool-play,
And the dinners changed to hell-feasts,
When I saw the drifting favor,
Pierced the shallowness and pretense,
Soft I heard a voice of music,
Sounding like a voice from Heaven;
Knew a hand-clasp, heard the joy-tone
Of a heart's sincere devotion.
Then I knew that gold and silver
Bring no joy to feed the hunger
Of a heart that yearns for trueness.

Money—Money—Money—
Blesséd be the day you left me—
Now I laugh at Satan's luring;
I have learned the truer values—
Count my treasures in the tresses
Gold as sunset—crowning glory
Of a vision fair as wholesome—
Mark the rubies of her rose lips,

Love the turquois 'neath her lashes,
Love the smile that shows her pearl teeth;
Love the privilege of love-clasp,
Love her graceful form, and yielding;
Love her sweet ways, loving service,
Love the blessing of her nearness.

Money—Money—Money—
What a silly, teasing earth-god—
Bringing discontent to thousands—
Bribing, tempting, cursing many;
Tinkle, tinkle, clinking silver—
Chime your sweetest, yellow gold-stuffs,
I have treasures far above you,
Far more precious than you all—
I've a queen that knows my ardor,
Loves my love and care and labor;
Treasures, treasures, boundless, worthy,
Here my whole heart glad, enslaved is—
Here my jewels, gold and silver,
Life flows peaceful as a river.



“BUD”

I know a little nigger boy
Whose name is simply “Bud”—
He chaws the worst tobacco
And keeps close friends with mud;
His face is always dirty,
His clothes are far from clean,
And such a rakish fellow
Your eyes have never seen.

And more about this nigger boy
I'm really bound to tell,
For he's a sort of critter
That folks like none too well;
Perhaps you'll thus see clearly
Just what his failings are,
And hitch your better notions
To a higher moving star.

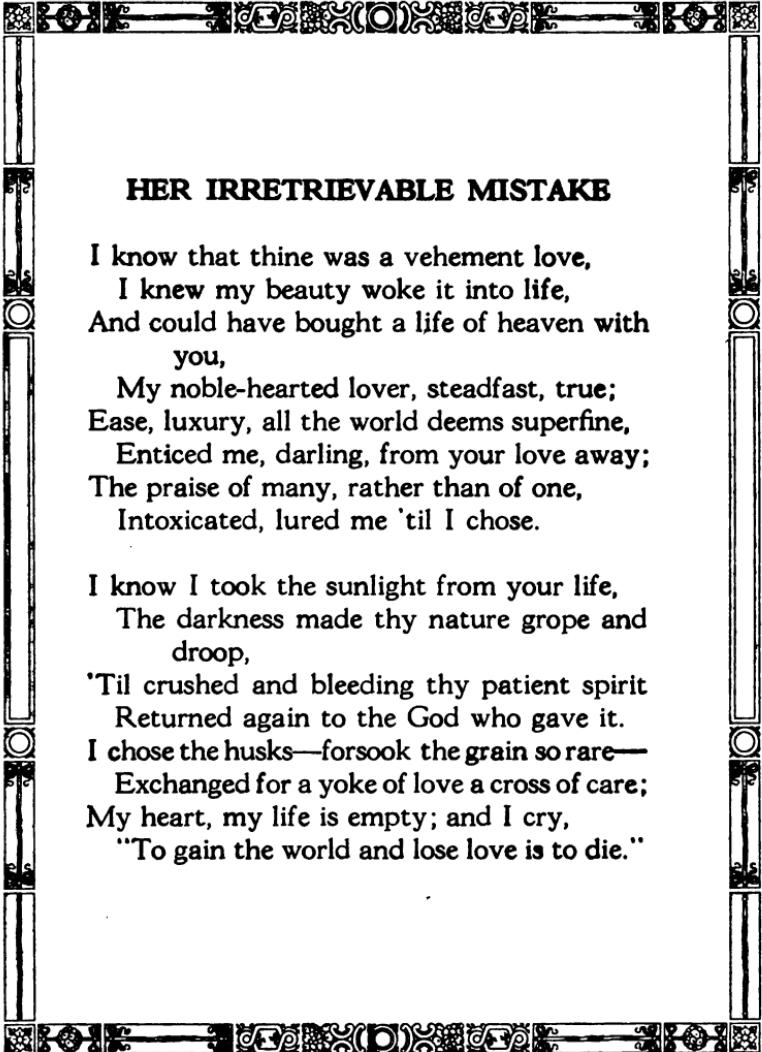
This fellow's mighty lazy
An' sleeps most all the time—
Except when grub or mischief
Invites his senses fine.
The hair is black and kinky
That caps his bullet head—
His loose mouth shows his "ivories"—
A beauty-mark, 'tis said!

This sorry little nigger boy
Is never seen at school,
But you can often find him
Watchin' men play pool;
To skip off, an' go fishin',
He'd even miss a meal—
His tongue is glib at lyin',
And his fingers quick to steal.

This sorry little nigger boy
Is sowing brambles now,
And as the path gets rougher,
He'll wonder why, and how!
'Twere foolishness to tell him
That ease is *Nothingness*—
And Manhood comes from *Effort*—
Brings joys he'd never guess.

This sorry little nigger boy
Had ne'er a chance like you;
But shiftlessness can never bring
Results both good and true;
So hitch your wagon boldly
To a higher moving star,
And let your best ambitions
Sail proudly out afar.





HER IRRETRIEVABLE MISTAKE

I know that thine was a vehement love,
I knew my beauty woke it into life,
And could have bought a life of heaven with
you,

My noble-hearted lover, steadfast, true;
Ease, luxury, all the world deems superfine,
Enticed me, darling, from your love away;
The praise of many, rather than of one,
Intoxicated, lured me 'til I chose.

I know I took the sunlight from your life,
The darkness made thy nature grope and
droop,
'Til crushed and bleeding thy patient spirit
Returned again to the God who gave it.
I chose the husks—forsook the grain so rare—
Exchanged for a yoke of love a cross of care;
My heart, my life is empty; and I cry,
"To gain the world and lose love is to die."

I know thy soul is in that Paradise,
Where I trust is comfort for thy mourning—
I am not worthy, having spurn'd your love—
That you should even pity me, my king;
I have drained the cup I preferred to take—
Its phantom sweets were bitter without
love—
If you were only here—but you are gone!
O God of Heaven, why has this come to
pass?

The world still says that I am beautiful,
With lustrous, wistful, liquid eyes so deep—
With dimpling cheek and figure fair to see—
Would God these charms could bring you
back to me!
O cruel fate! O tender memories!
O gentle hands! O voice of yearning,
Which called me and I would not hear,
Dear Love,
My peace, my rest, my soul are gone with
you.



AN UNDYING GRIEF

One day you let me take your hand so white,
Your lustrous eyes assured me that I might;
I kissed it and my story told,
 Of love-starved life, and heart-ache old;
Felt honored and favored that I should be
 Blessed with your sweet sympathy;
By your mercy only, worthy to be near
 A woman wholesome, sweet and so sincere.

One day you let my arm slip 'round your
 waist,
As through the fragrant woods old paths
 we traced;
I humbly questioned if 'twere true
 That I was walking there with you;
And thrilled in happy awe to hear
 Your soft assurance we were near.
Ah, how fond recollections make one sigh,
 For departed pleasures and days gone by.

One day you let me lay my weary head
Upon your breast—a place so sacred,
A pillow sweet. I recall how
Your dear hands smoothed the hair from
my brow;
Your rose-breath above me, the rise and fall
Of your bosom banished all
Heart-ache and fear; O what cheer,
Lullaby haven, resting place dear.

One day you let me take you in my arms—
One day when I succumbed to your charms;
Your graceful form so yielding, soft—
Rapturous moments! blissful contact!
I felt that having you life's labors, strife,
Were blest means of wearying
That I might know the sweetness of your rest
And everything worth while, my dearest,
best!

One day the sun grew dark, the light went
out;

Earth echoed my heart's desolation;
Shrieking winds, through winter-stripped
trees—

The wolf-howl, the owl-screech, yea these
Blood-chilling sounds, but hint of the anguish
That freezes my heart! My God—
Why can't I die? My joy, my rest are gone,
And I must face Life desolate, alone!



HOW MANY VOICES CALL

How many voices call—
 How long 'til you will heed?
Your loving mother wrings her hands—
 In anguish prays to prove your need;
She knows, as you will one day know,
 The baubles you so madly chase,
Are empty, vapid, dying things,
 That rob of Hope, and spoil life's race.

Chorus:

From Calvary's cruel Tree,
 The gentle Savior calls you;
"Your soul is sinking, sick and sore—
 Accept, and live forevermore!"

How many voices call—
O'er hill, o'er dale, o'er plain,
Christ's Living Ministry who preach
Good news of peace, and joy again:
Awake and claim your heritage,
For shame! that you have scorned so long
His love—'twill give you all that's good
And fill your life with light and song.

Chorus

How many voices call—
The patient, Heav'nly Dove,
The Holy Spirit ceaseless strives
To make men know God's wondrous love;
Ah, not forever will He plead
And strain to storm your hard'ning heart,
The *next time* may be time TOO LATE,
And of Salvation, GONE—your part!

Chorus



A SUMMER MORNING

First along the eastern sky
A golden glow is seen—
Clouds and shadows speed away,
Grass and trees show green;
Flowers and other vegetation,
Yester-eve forlorn,
Stand erect—a glad oration
To the dew of morn.

Roosters make exultant call—
Heralds of the day—
Birds full throated glad with all
Sing as song birds may;
Nature gives revivication—
Heaviness is gone—
Earth is glad with expectation, .
With the approach of dawn.

Beautiful is this mundane sphere—
Best at early morn—
Lovelier in her virgin state,
Than aught which man can form;
Night-time hints of dissolution—
Day and hope are done—
Life and noble aspiration
Dawn with Morning's sun.



TWILIGHT

At last the tedious day is at an end—
The long cool shadows hush the world to
calm;
The grateful quietude of twilight hours,
Distills o'er tired earth its restful balm.

From out the clovered meadows' misty
depths,
The lowing kine come slowly into sight;
The circling swallows chirp their vesper
hymn,
And hoof and feather seem to welcome
night.

Anon the frogs in lusty chorus make
Response to creeky solos from the trees;
The risen moon his calm approval smiles
To star-lamps all in place, and earth at ease.

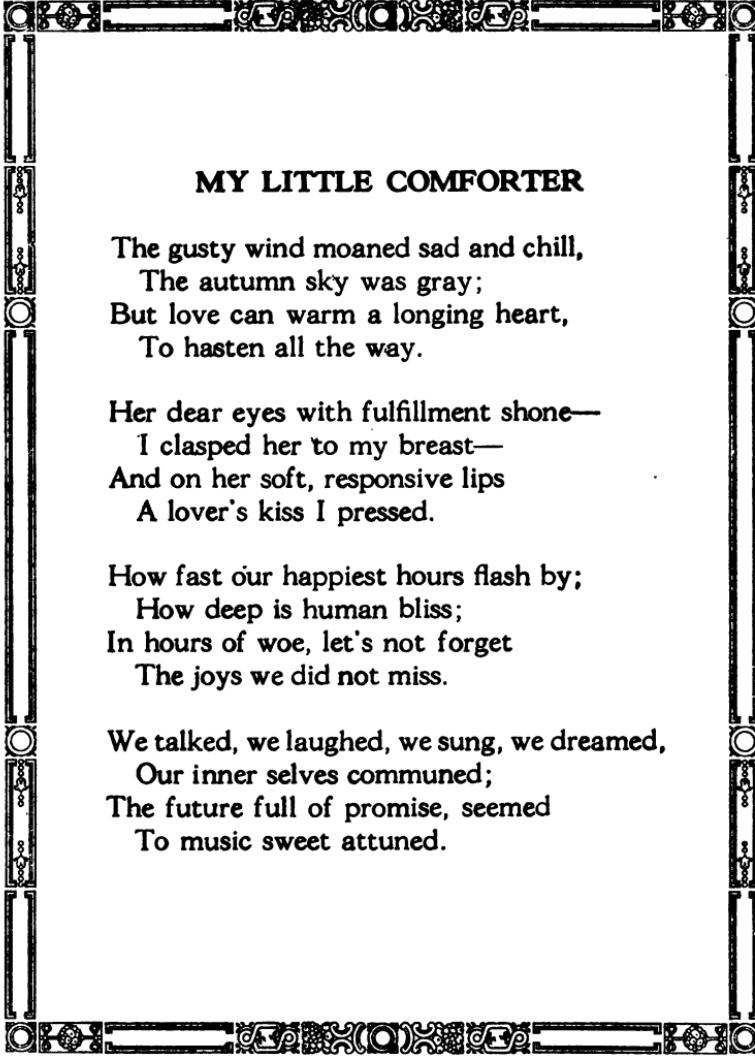


DEPENDENCE

O what is life but labor'd breath,
And ceaseless strife from birth 'til death?
And what am I, that I should dare
Expect to find a welcome there?
Yet dark indeed would be the way,
Did Hope not whisper every day:
"Strive on—and you shall surely find
Your Counterpart among mankind!"

O what is life? A tear, a sigh,
A swift caress, and then—"Good-bye".
Deny me not—our time is short—
Earth's joys are of a sorry sort;
And only Love is worth the while
Of care-worn mortals, pure or vile;
All know their pain in every day,
And need Love's sun to bright the way.





MY LITTLE COMFORTER

The gusty wind moaned sad and chill,
The autumn sky was gray;
But love can warm a longing heart,
To hasten all the way.

Her dear eyes with fulfilment shone—
I clasped her to my breast—
And on her soft, responsive lips
A lover's kiss I pressed.

How fast our happiest hours flash by;
How deep is human bliss;
In hours of woe, let's not forget
The joys we did not miss.

We talked, we laughed, we sung, we dreamed,
Our inner selves communed;
The future full of promise, seemed
To music sweet attuned.

I know not if her throbbing heart
Shall beat again on mine,
Or if her glowing face on me
Will beam with love divine.

I know not if these hungry arms
Her form again shall hold—
Nor if her clinging clasp shall me
Within its circle fold.

Though disappointments strew the way,
And adverse things occur,
Life's *crazy patch-work* is worth the while,
Through comfort wrought by her.



AT PARTING

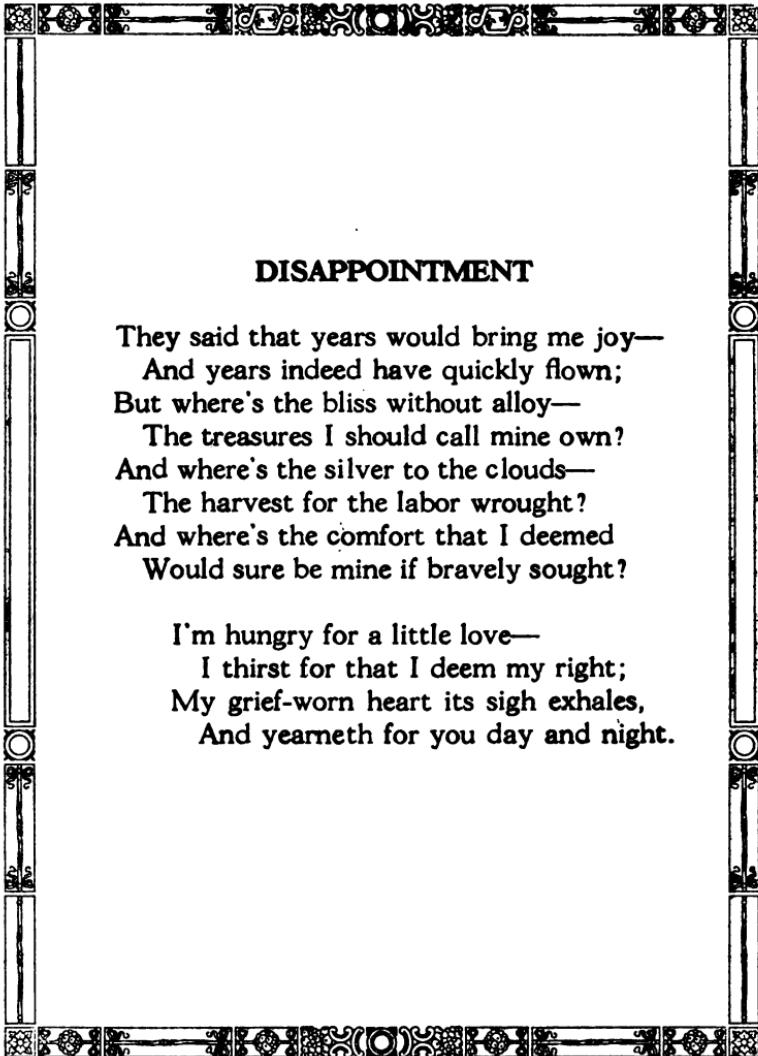
O warden fair, of treasures rare,
For thee my heart is bleeding—
O maiden sweet, at thy dear feet
I still am humbly pleading;
But cruel is the circumstance
That lets aught come between us.

I let thee go—thou will'st it so—
And strife shall not demean us.

Good-bye to thee—good-bye to hope—
To all that heart could long for;
Life's rosy day hath flown away
And left me much to mourn for;
The music of the birds and streams,
The perfume of the roses;
Are fraught for me, with thoughts of thee—
Eve's dream of morn now closes.

The night creeps on—its subtle chill
Within my heart is stealing—
For light was dear, and love was sweet,
A heav'n of bliss revealing;
But thou wert far, so far from me—
Love could not bridge the distance;
So I go on—Woe's prisoner—
For useless is resistance!





DISAPPOINTMENT

They said that years would bring me joy—
And years indeed have quickly flown;
But where's the bliss without alloy—
The treasures I should call mine own?
And where's the silver to the clouds—
The harvest for the labor wrought?
And where's the comfort that I deemed
Would sure be mine if bravely sought?

I'm hungry for a little love—
I thirst for that I deem my right;
My grief-worn heart its sigh exhales,
And yearneth for you day and night.

The ocean in majestic turn
Sends foam-capp'd waves from shore to
shore—
As ceaseless in my lonely heart
Arise Hope's ghosts forevermore.
Ah, sad the smile that hides the wrecks—
The clinging clasp would fain retain—
For God in heaven only knows
If even dreams may come again!

I'm hungry for a little love—
I thirst for that I deem my right;
My trembling soul in anguish waits,
And craves response through day
and night.

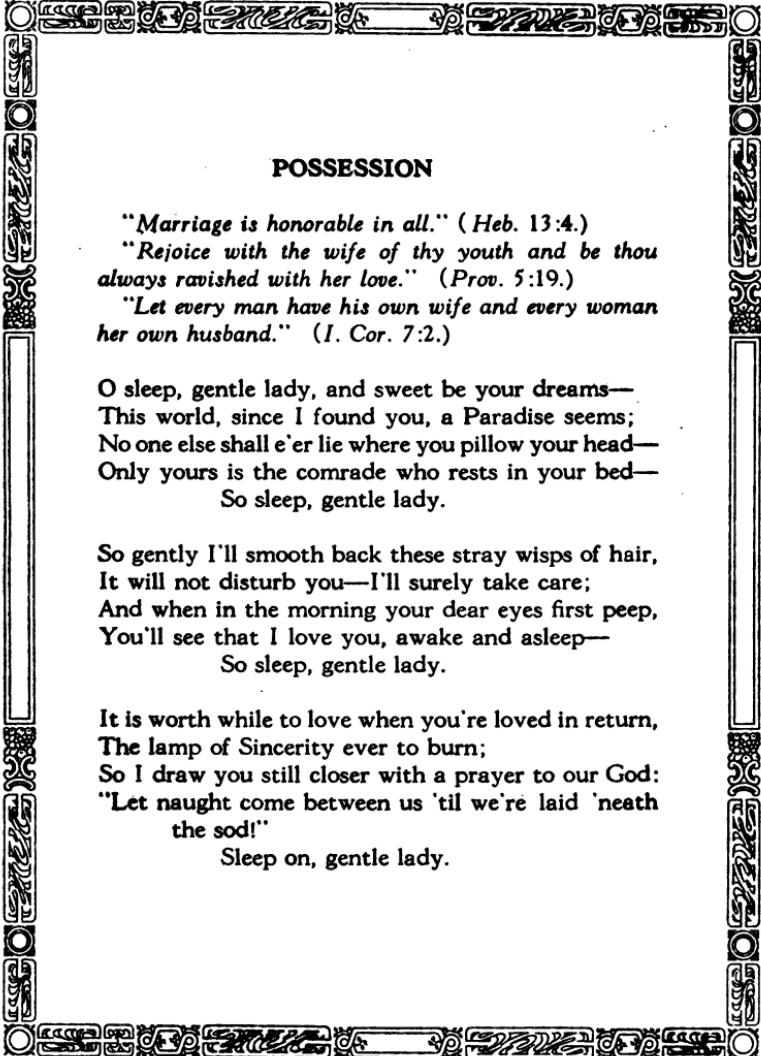


WAITIN'

When I see my darlin' comin'
Thru the rustlin' summer leaves,
On the laden boughs a-swingin'
To the music of the breeze,
Seems to me that folks must know it,
An' I blush from top to toe,
But I ain't ashamed to show it—
That I luv my darlin' so.

He's my Bonnie—he's my Laddie,
He's my own soft-hearted John,
An' he's strong, an' kind, an' honest,
He's a true, good mother's son;
I kin see his face a-beamin'
An' my soul is filled with glee,
'Cause I see my darlin' comin',
Comin' glad, an' straight for me.





POSSESSION

"Marriage is honorable in all." (Heb. 13:4.)

"Rejoice with the wife of thy youth and be thou always ravished with her love." (Prov. 5:19.)

"Let every man have his own wife and every woman her own husband." (I. Cor. 7:2.)

O sleep, gentle lady, and sweet be your dreams—
This world, since I found you, a Paradise seems;
No one else shall e'er lie where you pillow your head—
Only yours is the comrade who rests in your bed—
So sleep, gentle lady.

So gently I'll smooth back these stray wisps of hair,
It will not disturb you—I'll surely take care;
And when in the morning your dear eyes first peep,
You'll see that I love you, awake and asleep—
So sleep, gentle lady.

It is worth while to love when you're loved in return,
The lamp of Sincerity ever to burn;
So I draw you still closer with a prayer to our God:
"Let naught come between us 'til we're laid 'neath
the sod!"
Sleep on, gentle lady.

My hands love to pass o'er your dear graceful form,
And bless your white satin so tender and warm;
Your breath is so fragrant, your kisses so sweet—
I guessed it—and that's why I knelt at your feet—
Stay close, pretty lady.

Too soon day will come, dear—for awhile we must
part—
When night falls, come nestle again o'er my heart;
God grant you'll ne'er want aught I cannot bestow—
Though years make us older, we'll still closer grow—
Stay close, gentle lady.

Home-maker! All my love and my sympathy, too,
Are yours—I appreciate all that you do;
Little wife—compensation for the stones in life's
way—
May I ne'er be less worthy than now when I say,
Stay close, gentle lady.

May your dear breasts ever touch me—may your
limbs never stray,
Very far from the lover who claims you today;
May we be "pals" forever—gain heaven at last;
When our sojourn as children—our schooling—is
past—
Stay close, gentle lady.



EULA

Eula means sweet. Ah, sweet indeed was
she—

A lily from God's own garden, given me;
She well deserved to wear the dearest name,
That human lips and tongue could ever frame;
In disposition, person, conduct, life,
She earned her name—my dainty little wife—
Dear God—how can I bear this heavy cross—
This bursting pain—this breaking, bitter loss?

Eula was sweet. Many sweethearts had I
known,

Before she let me have her for my own—
Each one in turn, I had idealized—
Adored the creature Fancy had disguised;
Paid each my court—used every ardent word,
To tell what strong emotions had been
stirred;
But fickle or false were all—'til Eula stood
And justified my faith in womanhood.

Ah, 'twas sweet—when torn with life's fierce
storms,
To gain the love-locked harbor of her arms,
And there upon her graceful, cushioned breast,
To steep my soul in peace and joy and rest;
In every phase of life, one must be steeled
To loss—'twixt promised harvest and the
yield—
Eula looked full-laden—proved to be much
more—
All I could need, and yet a boundless store!

Eula, my sweet! Every nerve and fiber
yearns
To have you back. In vain my spirit turns
And gropes about to seize its lost estate,
And feel again your nearness, precious mate;
The world cares nothing for one's torturing
woe—
Bear up, my heart—bear up, and onward go!
The saddest tale is that none will believe—
The deepest grief no weeping can relieve.

Eula was sweet. I tell you ladies, sirs—
I never saw a sweeter smile than hers—
Had Angel Death but waited for her word,
Heaven's joys a period she would have de-
ferred,

And stayed a while with me—she loved me so,
I know full well, 'twas hard for her to go;
No other loss could make one feel so odd
In this brief life—except he lose his God.

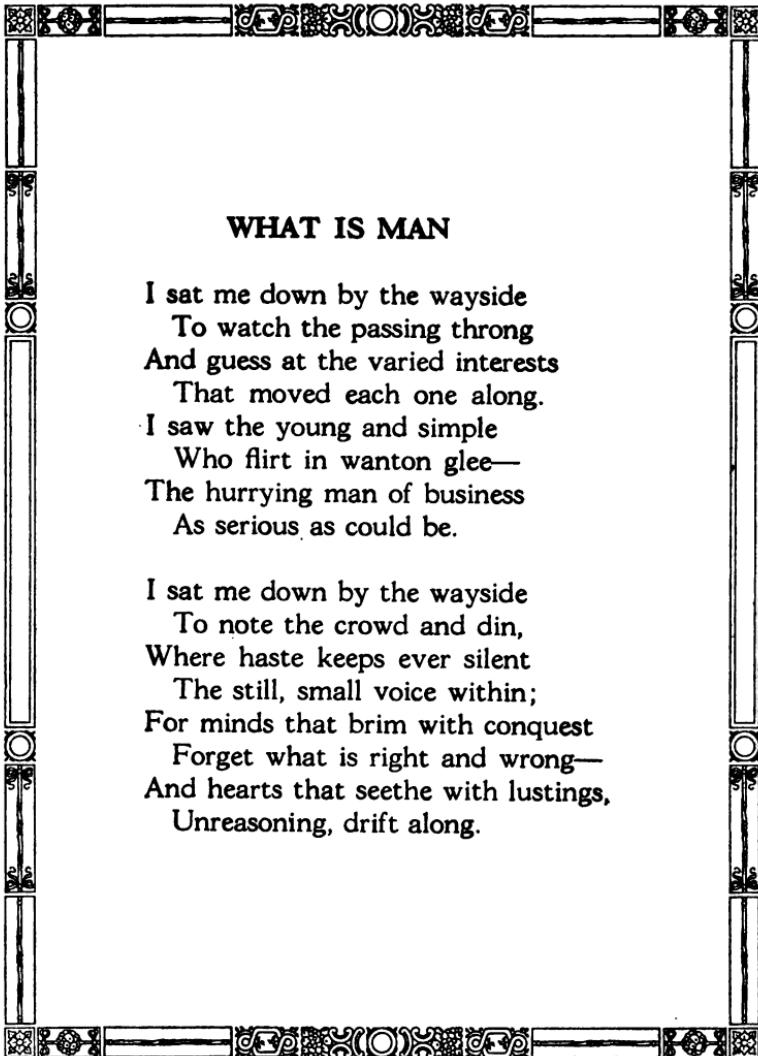
Eula all sweet! Dear God, heed if you can,
The prayer of this poor, blundering, sinful
man—

Since now there's nought my feeble strength
can do,

O mighty Jesus, see my darling through;
Though nothing in her hands my loved one
brings,

Accept my humble witness, King of Kings,
And give my loyal queen an honored place,
Where she may ever view Thy holy face.

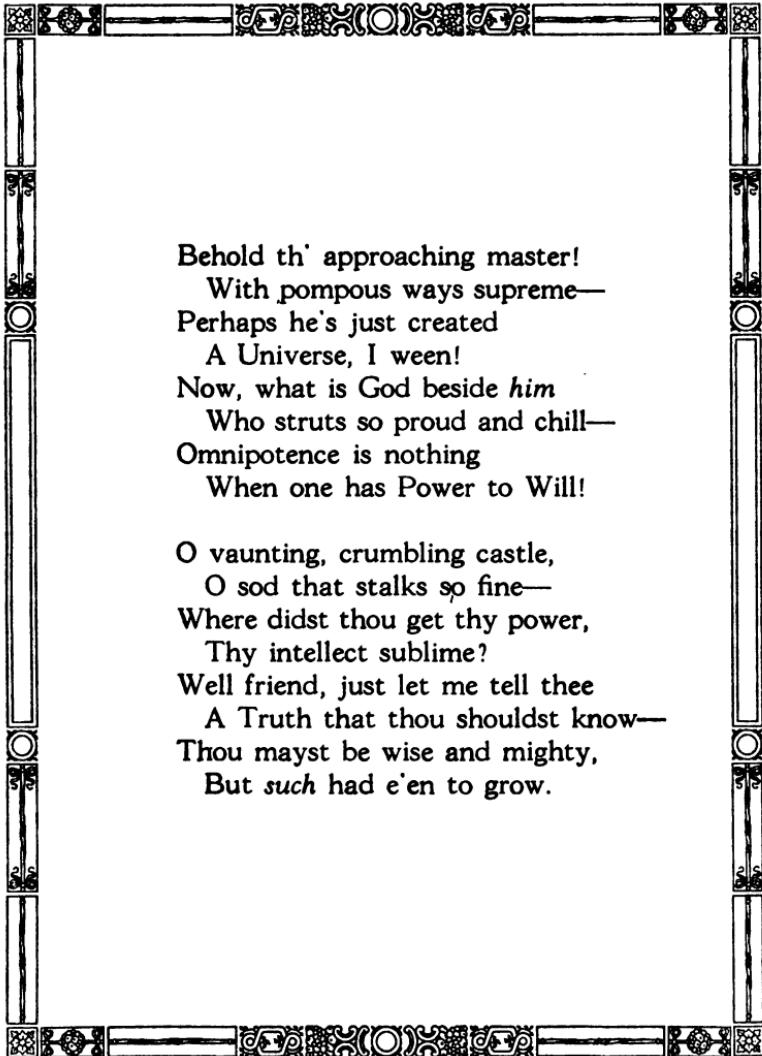




WHAT IS MAN

I sat me down by the wayside
To watch the passing throng
And guess at the varied interests
That moved each one along.
I saw the young and simple
Who flirt in wanton glee—
The hurrying man of business
As serious as could be.

I sat me down by the wayside
To note the crowd and din,
Where haste keeps ever silent
The still, small voice within;
For minds that brim with conquest
Forget what is right and wrong—
And hearts that seethe with lustings,
Unreasoning, drift along.



Behold th' approaching master!
With pompous ways supreme—
Perhaps he's just created
A Universe, I ween!
Now, what is God beside *him*?
Who struts so proud and chill—
Omnipotence is nothing
When one has Power to Will!

O vaunting, crumbling castle,
O sod that stalks so fine—
Where didst thou get thy power,
Thy intellect sublime?
Well friend, just let me tell thee
A Truth that thou shouldst know—
Thou mayst be wise and mighty,
But such had e'en to grow.

Now listen, self-fooled debtor,
And learn this lesson well—
There's nothing so important
As keeping out of hell;
Too late thou mayst discover
Some laws must honored be—
No man has e'er escaped them—
To this thou must agree.

No thing was e'er created
By man, and man alone—
The very thought thou thinkest,
God gives thee now to own;
Conception is *receiving*
And *fostering*, law on law,
The thought which God created
And full fruition saw.

All Power that was, or is, sir,
Or may seem given birth,
Comes straight from God Almighty,
Be it in heav'n or earth;
Then be not quite so haughty,
But choose a lowly place—
Humility becomes us
Who live but by His grace.



THE VACATION PROBLEM

The summer days again are here,
And make one glad vacation's near;
Where best to spend it who can know?
The list of places seems to grow;
Attractions varied, promise charms,
At seashore points, and inland farms;
Now better not in haste decide—
Regrets might then the spirit chide.

Resorts along the sea's cool shore
Claim sports peculiar by the score;
The white-brimmed waves' majestic roll
Makes music for a pleasant stroll;
The salt-breeze proves a tonic fine,
And fish respond to hook and line;
Again returns the appetite,
And life seems bursting with delight.

At night the band makes music sweet,
And those who dance find joy complete;
The drift-wood bonfire's ruddy glow
Makes ghostly shadows come and go;
The "clam-bake" parties laugh and sing
'Til sea and earth and welkin ring—
No grinding cares their minds infest,
And mirth swells every heaving breast.

Convention's rules are set aside,
Flirtations there, but few will chide;
Voluptuous sights oft meet the gaze—
Restraint seems scarce a voice to raise—
Extravagance seems quite the thing;
And hard-earned savings soon take wing;
Yet lack of means is ne'er confessed—
The *home-trail's* shown to such distressed.

E'en dreams of this may fascinate—
Such times are good to contemplate—
But pause a moment—thus be fair.
Let inland life its charms declare;
The curse of this, our modern way,
Is rushing through life's passing day—
For stimulation calls for more,
And beggars Nature's bounteous store.

Here flowers bloom in mossy dell,
And song-birds unmolested dwell,
While fruited bush and leafy tree
 Make overtures so restfully;
The city's din is now forgot—
 All seem contented with their lot—
The war for gain seems useless strife,
 For all Man's needs, earth's harvest's rife.

One ponders on an early day;
When man lived in an easier way—
When there was much less to be done
 'Twixt early morn and setting sun;
These hardy men—their hearts were true,
 But books and luxuries were few—
That out-door life full vigor lent—
 In simple rounds their days they spent.

Their guns unwritten laws enforced,
For honor in their blood-veins coursed—
Their wives were loyal helpmates, too,
And kept the vows their whole lives
through;
The landlord knows some thrilling tales,
And thus his guest he oft regales—
And twilight hours too soon are past,
And sleep must claim its own at last.

'Tis hard to make a choice,
Since both their claims have given voice—
The inland mountains, rivers, farms,
Are quite as great as seashore charms;
Just toss up a coin, and then abide
By its chance fall—and thus decide!
But it's very expensive far to roam,
So better be wise and stay at home.



MOTHER'S SONG

Soft the silver stars
Nestle in Heaven's breast,
Soft the mating birds
Chirp to their cosy nest;
Soft the fresh'ning dew
Shines on each flower-head,
Soft the Angel Hosts
Watch o'er my baby's bed.

Refrain

Good-night glows the sun,
Good-night laps the sea,
O mother's lamb,
Sleep peacefully;
Smile, ever smile,
And never cry—
Be brave and be true!
Lullaby, lullaby.

Kind the evening breeze
Tenderly fans my dear—
Guardian canine's sighs,
Tell baby friends are near;
Kind the father's kiss,
Strong man so quick subdued,
Kind the shrine of home,
With perfect love imbued.

Refrain

Dream the dreams that bless—
Life is a passing dream,
Temporal things must end—
So keep thy face a-beam;
Time may make thee old—
Keep thou thy trusting smile,
God will love thee still,
And keep thee all the while.

Refrain



CONSTANT

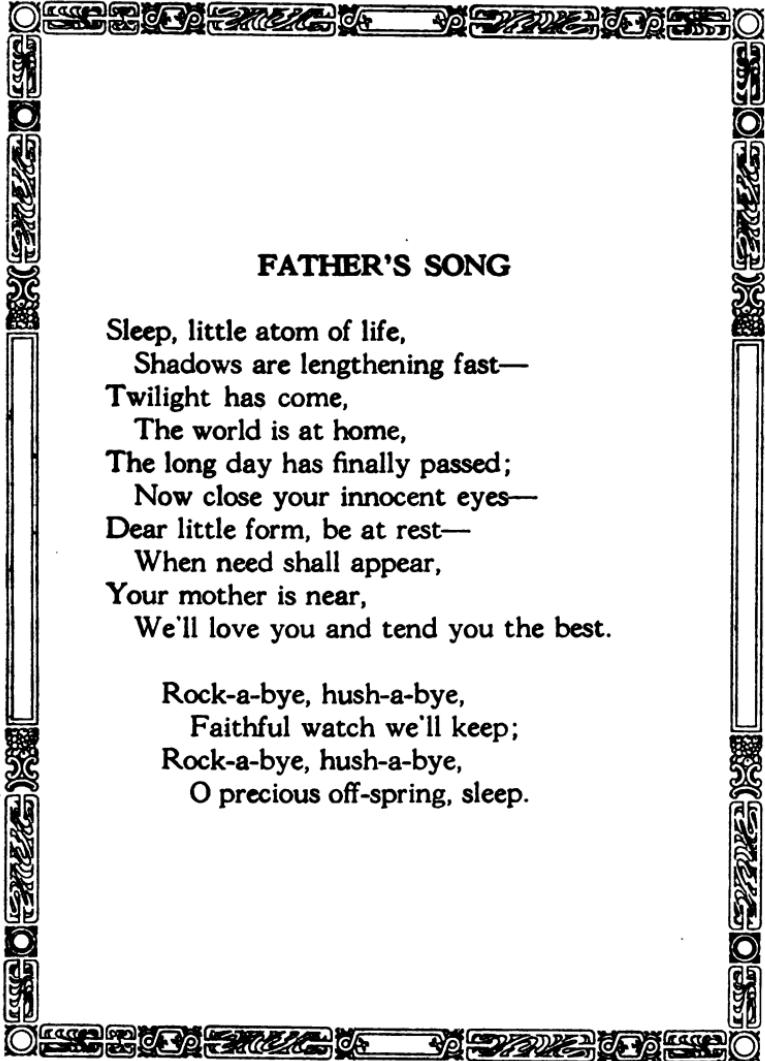
City throngs are hastening by,
Seeking pleasures new;
Alone am I though in their midst,
While I am away from you.

Scenes both strange and wonderful,
Cease not all day through;
Yet nought can quell the loneliness,
While I am away from you.

Music, drama, gala things,
Pleasure's great ado—
But my little world is blank and void,
While I am away from you.

Glad the hours spent by your side,
Soothing their review;
Sweet content can ne'er return,
While I am away from you.





FATHER'S SONG

Sleep, little atom of life,
Shadows are lengthening fast—
Twilight has come,
The world is at home,
The long day has finally passed;
Now close your innocent eyes—
Dear little form, be at rest—
When need shall appear,
Your mother is near,
We'll love you and tend you the best.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Faithful watch we'll keep;
Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
O precious off-spring, sleep.

Sleep, little motherless babe—
Time brings its sorrows and strife;
Death soon has come,
And called mother Home,
Your best friend—and my darling wife;
O growing image of her—
Now must I cherish you more—
Your mother's sweet soul
Held Heaven its goal,
Her spirit will unction outpour.

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye,
Mem'ry faith will keep;
Mother's soul hovers near,
To sing our grief to sleep.



BY THE FIRE-PLACE

When the days are getting shorter,
When the nights are long and chill,
With my cares and work forgotten,
And the whole world hushed and still—
Then I love to make a fire,
Watch the flamelets dance and race,
For things are mighty cozy,
By the fire-place.

I love to have a friend or two
To make the deal complete—
Shoes off, cocked on an extry chair,
We toast our weary feet;
A bowl of pop-corn sittin' near,
While time slips by apace,
Why folks, it's awful cozy,
By the fire-place.

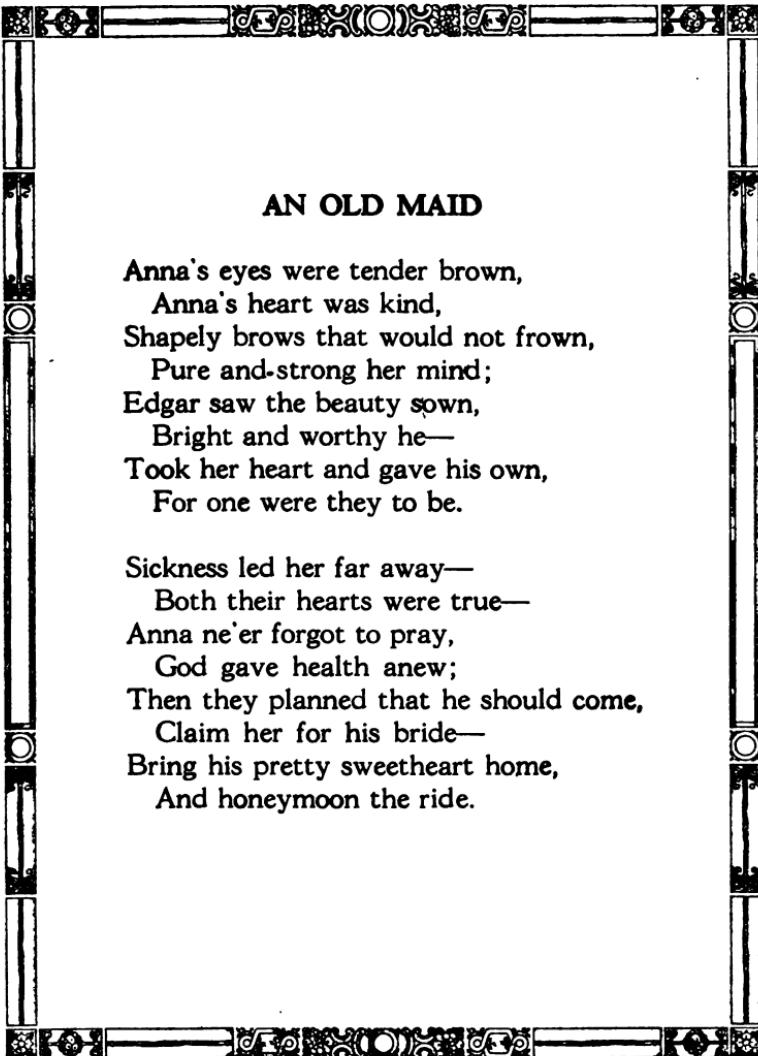
Pretty soon some nice quotation,
Comes a-singin' through his head—
A clean and sweet potion,
Whose charm is quickly spread;
I'll bound I'll give an answer,
A match for his in grace—
Dad Time's a grand romancer,
By the fire-place.

Then my friend may tell a story,
Course I'll try to do as well—
We'll both be in our glory,
Just a-weavin' fiction's spell;
I'll read some book of poems—
Prose animates his face—
A man gets stout but younger,
By the fire-place.

We may tell the joys and sorrows
That have figured in the past,
Speculate on our Tomorrows—
But tears may start at last—
In those glowing, ruddy embers,
Fancy paints an absent-face—
There's a comfort one remembers,
By the fire-place.

Bye 'n' bye it comes to bed-time,
And I wind the clock and say,
"Nine more hours an' we'll be facin'
Another little day;
But b'gosh, 'twill soon be over,
Back again our steps we'll trace—
Spend another pleasant evenin'—
By the fire-place."





AN OLD MAID

Anna's eyes were tender brown,
Anna's heart was kind,
Shapely brows that would not frown,
Pure and strong her mind;
Edgar saw the beauty sown,
Bright and worthy he—
Took her heart and gave his own,
For one were they to be.

Sickness led her far away—
Both their hearts were true—
Anna ne'er forgot to pray,
God gave health anew;
Then they planned that he should come,
Claim her for his bride—
Bring his pretty sweetheart home,
And honeymoon the ride.

Anna blossomed like a flower—
Lovelier grew each day—
Glad she'd yield him all her dower,
Why should he delay?
Trains arrived—yet came not he—
Letters came instead—
Froze her blood the words to see—
Her lover—then—was—dead!

Anna's breasts are plump and warm—
Anna's arms are round—
All about her graceful form,
Feminine charms are found;
Sympathetic, kind and true,
Is this gentle maid,
Virtuous Woman—through and through,
Whose ideals never fade.

Look into her cheery face,
You would never guess—
Nought can e'er the pain erase—
'Waiting his caress;
Stifled, yearning for his touch—
Things that ne'er can be!
Though men offer over-much,
"Old Maid" she'll please to be.



PASS ON BELOVED

Pass on belovéd; as we sadly gaze
Upon thy face so still in its last sleep,
Our minds are filled with thoughts of bygone
days,
And though against our wills we bow and
weep;
Yet not for thee our bitter tears now fall—
Ah, not for thee this ache in heart and
mind—
But for the severed ties—this cruel pall:
That we must wait our turn, and stay
behind.

Pass on belovéd; though beyond the veil
Our straining eyes in vain will seek to see;
Upon that unknown stream thou'l safely sail;
Thy captain is the Christ who died for thee;
We would not call thee back, again to take
Thy heavy load of burdens, crosses, pains,
In God's good time, we know that thou shalt
wake,
Where sin is not—where Love forever
reigns!

Pass on belovéd; words with comfort rife,
To us float down the years His peace to
give:
"I am the Resurrection and the Life!
He that believes, though dead, yet shall he
live!"
Good Shepherd, keep us in the years to come,
So that we shall attain yon fairer shore,
And may they be found waiting—welcoming
Home—
Our dear departed who have gone before!

Chorus

Pass on belovéd, take thy rest—
The world is poorer by thy loss—
But ransomed souls for aye are blest
Who mustered out with Calv'ry's Cross!



A NEGLECTED GARDEN

Alone am I—all joy is gone!
Yet who can ease this bitter pain?
Since he no more my flowers can take,
They die as if for lack of rain.

O why has Fate thus treated me—
What have I done to merit this?
No price would I refuse to pay
Could I once more receive his kiss.

O ring no more your solemn bells,
Nor leave me idle and alone,
A soul can live a thousand hells
Through viewing loss of love just known!

Roll back the curtains of the day,
And let the sun shine warm and clear;
Tell me that he for aye is safe,
And that his soul is hovering near:

Or, if perchance he liveth yet,
He will come back o'er stream and field,
Care for his garden as of old—
For him alone 'twill sweetness yield.



"AUNT SUSIE'S" BIRTHDAY PARTY

The world's eternal course brings year on
year—

Summer of buoyant life, winters so bleak
and sere;

The thirty-eighth mile-post I'll pass today,
But my blood is warm and my heart is gay;
My five years' teaching of dear "Class Ten"
Has made me happy and young again—
Its twenty-six members—I'll carve each
name

In mem'ry's sacred Hall of Fame.

With joy I gaze into each beaming face,
And love this source of courage for life's
race,

And hope each heart has found some pow'r,
Some faith, new-born each searching
hour—

The influence here spread forth, a stay
To cheer to noble acts the strenuous day—
The mighty truths sincerely taught
The Good Book's news—salvation bought.

Thus your "Aunt Susie's" heart is full today,
It brims with love and joy, and now would
pay
A tribute to God, who gives all good—
Our friends, our raiment and our food;
So girls and boys, we've gathered here
To take this feast and quaff this cheer—
For innocent pleasure is ne'er amiss,
And saints need have no shame for this.



YEARNING

Dear little maid with soul so true,
Tell me how to be good to you:
'Tis sweet to remember, and hard to forget,
And say, little girl, regard'st me yet?

Dear little maid with velvet hand,
Show me the way to Fulfilment Strand;
Give me the keynote; and teach me to sing,
That over your soul a charm I may bring.

Craving to know the things you'd prize—
Longing to see as through your eyes,
I'm ready to love whate'er you esteem,
Meet you half way, and travel up-stream.

Coziest maid that ever man knew,
Hungry is this heart for you;
O, how can I ever your favor attain,
That night shall ne'er find me so lonely
again?

Bonnie of person, dainty of mouth—
Sweet as roses from the South,
This homeless heart can know no rest,
'Til anchor'd, welcome, on your breast.

Dear little maid with soul so true,
Tell me how to be good to you!
O how can I ever your favor attain,
That night shall ne'er find me so lonely
again?



LOST

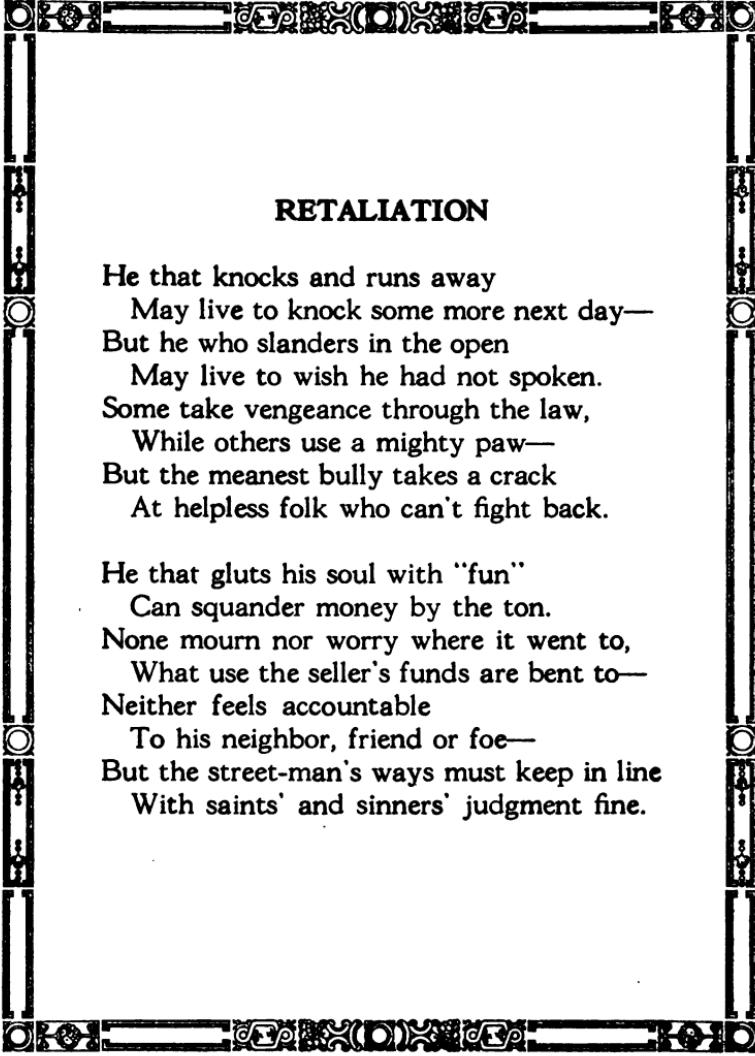
Thou didst not please to choose me thy
companion,
And make our lives one endless summer
day;
Pledged life of care-free ease was our un-
doing—
All paths are rough if love smooths not
the way;
As long as life shall last I will remember
The happy fleeting hours I've spent with
you;
There is nowhere for me to flee for comfort—
In lonely grief I'll tread life's journey
through.

So a sigh for you, and a sigh for me,
And a prayer for grace through grief to
smile;
A tear for the bliss we ne'er may know—
O say, little girl, what is worth while?

What mad delights were mine had I but won
you,
And Oh, how kind and thoughtful I'd have
been!
I'd ne'er have changed with time, but always
cherished,
'Til reaper Death my sheaves should
gather in.
The beauteous flowers bedeck the summer
meadows,
And birds to heav'n their songs of love
outpour,
But what is beauty, perfume, song or riches,
If Love hath taken flight forevermore?

So a sigh for you, and a sigh for me,
And a prayer for grace through pain to
smile;
A sob for the bliss we ne'er shall know—
O say, little love, what is worth while?





RETALIATION

He that knocks and runs away
 May live to knock some more next day—
But he who slanders in the open
 May live to wish he had not spoken.
Some take vengeance through the law,
 While others use a mighty paw—
But the meanest bully takes a crack
 At helpless folk who can't fight back.

He that gluts his soul with "fun"
 Can squander money by the ton.
None mourn nor worry where it went to,
 What use the seller's funds are bent to—
Neither feels accountable
 To his neighbor, friend or foe—
But the street-man's ways must keep in line
 With saints' and sinners' judgment fine.

Sweet Spirit of love and tenderness—
Gentle ministrant of Mercy's dower—
To the selfish thou must e'er remain un-
known—
The ruthless crush thee down as flowers
full blown;
O hapless hour when on this earth
Some foul animus gave mean birth
To thy disgraceful counterfeit
Which all mankind should scorn and hate.

Ne'er let the day dawn on my sight
That sees me shorn of sense of right—
Nor let me hold by chance, or strength, or
stress,
A thing I would not have all men possess;
For envy, thoughtlessness and scorn
Make full many a life forlorn—
Distrust and selfishness remove
All thought of Charity and Love.



A PRAYER

Once more, our heav'nly Father,
We come to worship Thee—
Confess our sins and failures,
And ask Thy pardon free;
Thy love hath gently led us
Thus far upon our way,
O draw us ever closer
To yon eternal Day.

O holy, patient Father,
O loving, pitying Son,
Rejoice we now and ever
For all that Thou hast done;
The Peace which Thou hast given
Is ours by day, by night,
And death is but a tunnel
That ends in joy and light.



AN EMPTY PLACE

Soft was the touch of her,
Sweet was the kiss of her,
Kind was the way of her—
Eula—my Treasure.

Dear was the voice of her,
Cheerful the light of her,
Pleasant the sight of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Shone the clear eyes of her,
'Rose the perfume of her,
Tender the breast of her,
Eula—my Treasure,

Strong was the mind of her,
Quick was the wit of her,
Great was the worth of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Blithe was the heart of her,
Godly the life of her,
Pure was the love of her,
Eula—my Treasure,

Black was the hair of her,
Brown were the eyes of her,
Graceful the lines of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Pain had his will of her,
Cruel the cross of her,
Lonely the end of her,
Eula—my Treasure.

Hard was the death of her,
Hard was the loss of her,
Jesus the Hope of her,
Eula—my Treasure,



DUTY

Do all you can for those you ought to love—
'Tis thoughtfulness and service that best
prove—

Awaken! realize each circled dial—
The worth of what 'tis yours to own a while;
Bring *now* your flowers, the praise so fitly
said—

'Twill bless the living—cannot cheer the dead;
Let men deride your sentimental spell—
Stay calm and know that you are doing well.

Do all you can for her whom you should love—
Each fleeting opportunity improve—
Be gentle, kind and tender while you may—
Regrets cannot bring back this passing day;
And if she craves for admiration's balm,
Deny her not, but lie without a qualm
If need be—such sin will God condone—
Her happiness will for that blot atone.

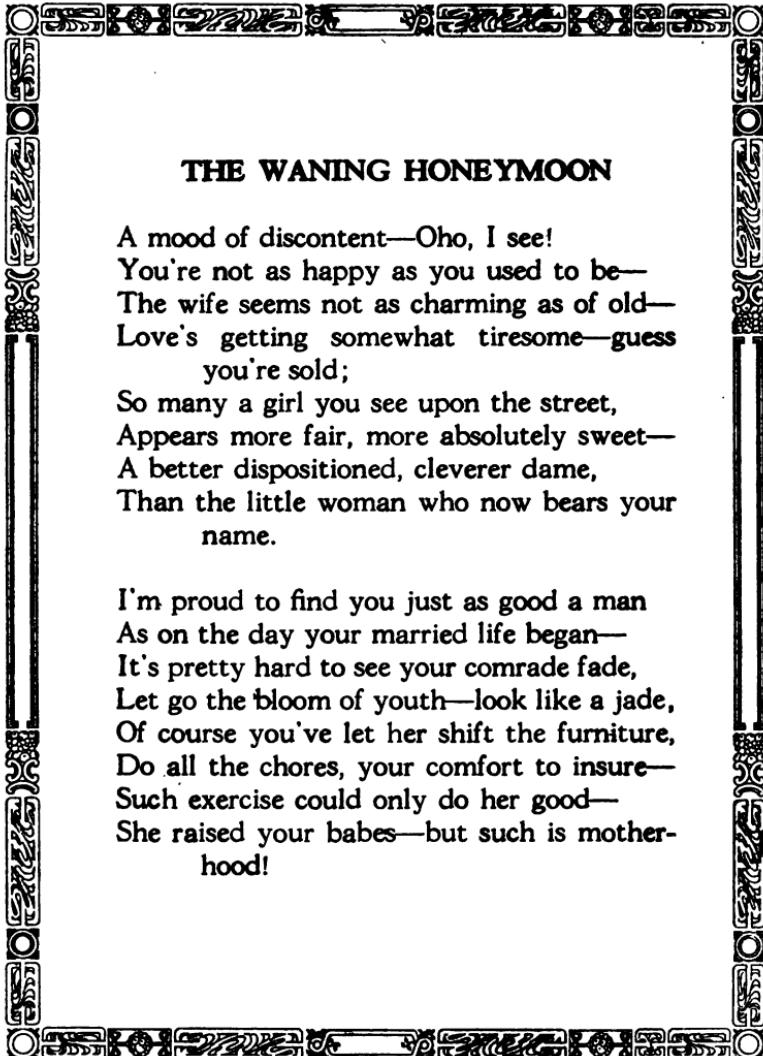
Do all you can for those you ought to love—
O rather be dumb than in haste to reprove—
About those blunders which you now deplore,
You'll some day cry, "Come back and make
some more!"

No harshness, just or unjust is forgiven
By self when death these ties for aye has
riven—

O cherish those who love you—crave your
love—

And God will smile a blessing from above.





THE WANING HONEYMOON

A mood of discontent—Oho, I see!
You're not as happy as you used to be—
The wife seems not as charming as of old—
Love's getting somewhat tiresome—guess
you're sold;

So many a girl you see upon the street,
Appears more fair, more absolutely sweet—
A better dispositioned, cleverer dame,
Than the little woman who now bears your
name.

I'm proud to find you just as good a man
As on the day your married life began—
It's pretty hard to see your comrade fade,
Let go the bloom of youth—look like a jade,
Of course you've let her shift the furniture,
Do all the chores, your comfort to insure—
Such exercise could only do her good—
She raised your babes—but such is mother-
hood!

She might have had a little better show
To 've kept her looks if she'd have hoed your
row—

But friend, if that sleek woman you admire
Were indeed your wife—you'd have to make
the fire—

Do chores, be driven slave instead of boss—
Your homely comforts would surely suffer
loss;

A part of one's good looks is in the clothes—
Does your wife own a decent pair of hose?

Your mouth may fairly water as you dream
About the graceful form you just have seen—
But could you know the facts both plain and
nude,

Your true-souled bed-mate is at least as good;
Besides, some lovely creatures have no
heart—

No warmth of soul—let not your faith de-
part—

You've got the sweetest girl you ever knew—
She had to be to wed the likes of you!



LOVE'S ARCH

Renew, my love, the fire
That once did burn so bright,
Upon the altar of your heart,
And happiness invite;
For love is a treasure few possess—
Without it life is comfortless;
I'm glad you're back—but can't you see,
That things are not as they used to be?

'Tis not our portion here,
In full to realize
The tender ideals of our youth—
Our plans we should revise;
For disappointment breaks the heart,
When one expects too fine a part;
O heart of mine, respond to me,
And have things now as they used to be.



As long as there are coals,
Among the smouldering heap,
As great a fire as hearth can hold
Re-fed, can wake and leap!
If aught there is I yet can do,
But tell me dear—you'll never rue—
Perfect Love's Arch and joyn with me—
Let's have things now as they used to be!

Your head on my shoulder lay,
Let mine incline o'er yours—
Hands clasped and one arm holding close,
Complete response assures;
Foundation built of deathless faith,
Love's Arch shall stand 'til Time's a wraith!
Each live for the other, whate'er life's lea—
Let's have things now as they used to be.



WHAT ARE WE LIVING FOR ?

"Is life worth living?" the workers ask,
As they go about their irksome task;
Each generation comes and goes,
And sees increase in Problem's woes;
Within the factories, shops and mines,
Are faces seamed by Dearth's sure lines;
These toilers' homes boast comforts few,
In vain their bairns for culture sue:
What are they living for?

Look in upon the wealthy class,
Within their homes or as they pass
On boulevards, 'mid pomp and show,
Where poorer folk can never go;
How hard they seek for some new thrill—
Some way to pass the time until
Tomorrow works its way around—
Relief from boredom is transient found:
What are they living for?

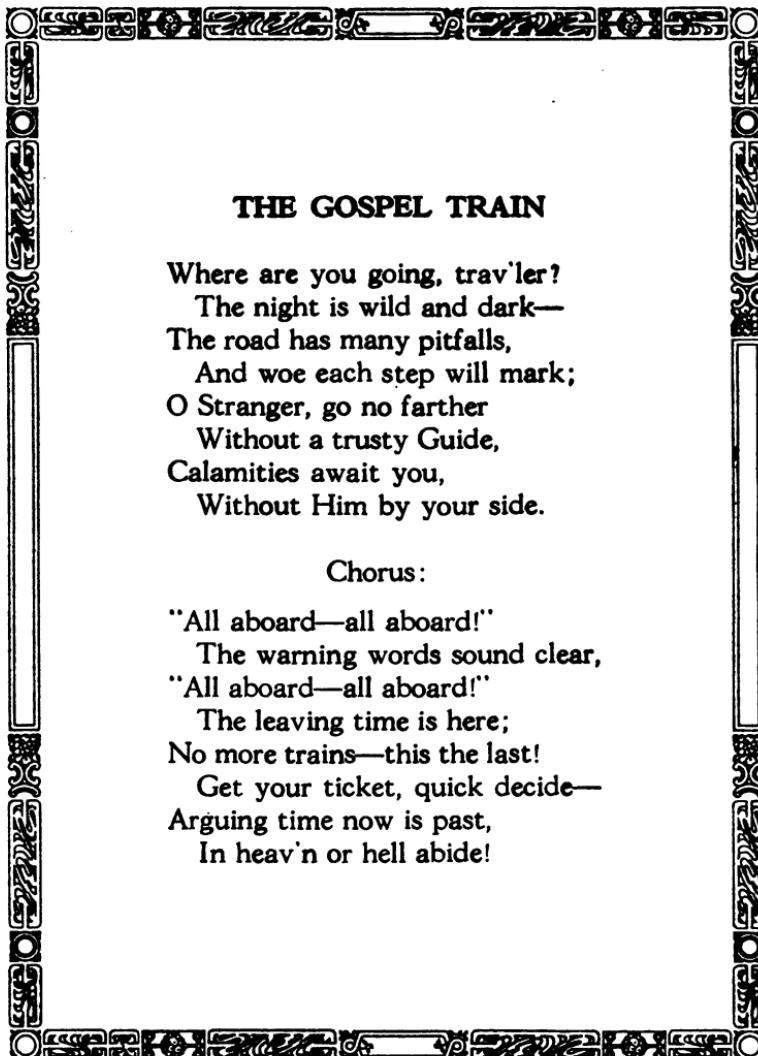
But turn unto the happiest folk—
The middle class—they'll hardly croak!
They have their share of joy and grief,
Success and failure—all are brief;
They earn enough for present needs—
More than enough, but worry breeds;
Yet looking back o'er years and days,
The *woe*, they say, their *weal* out-weighs:
What are they living for?

Well—we were given life to learn
Great lessons, and the same to turn
To good account; the privilege ours,
To view and praise Jehovah's powers;
To rise above environment—
In virtue always to augment;
When we shall gain perfection grand,
We'll then be *fit* to understand:
What are we living for?

'Til then, 'tis good for us with might
To hold the Truth—so much of light,
As comes to us from day to day—
To help somebody on his way,
By precept and example too,
Our humble part with conscience do;
And pilot others from the reef
Of Error; oft we've said with grief,
What are we living for?

Though wealth, position, fame be won,
They're but a sham—when life is done,
The past goes by in swift review,
And gazing, one sees much to rue;
He who is useful—knows the Lord,
Renounces self, and loves His Word,
Who is loved of friends—who shirks no task,
Succeeds in life; and ne'er will ask:
What are we living for?





THE GOSPEL TRAIN

Where are you going, trav'ler?
The night is wild and dark—
The road has many pitfalls,
And woe each step will mark;
O Stranger, go no farther
Without a trusty Guide,
Calamities await you,
Without Him by your side.

Chorus:

"All aboard—all aboard!"
The warning words sound clear,
"All aboard—all aboard!"
The leaving time is here;
No more trains—this the last!
Get your ticket, quick decide—
Arguing time now is past,
In heav'n or hell abide!

There is one name under heaven
Whereby you can be saved,
'Tis certain Transportation
To where streets with gold are paved;
Its owner gives you solace
For every earthly woe,
With trust and peace surrounds you,
Wherever you may go.

Chorus

Then come and know the Savior
Before it is too late,
Come now and claim Salvation
While there's an open gate;
Come quick! the bell is ringing,
The Gospel train may go,
O do not wait, my brother,
Eternal death to know.

Chorus



LOVE'S HOPE

Yes, somewhere in this cold and selfish world,
A heart o'erflows with love and sympathy—
Soft lips my lingering kisses now await,
And clinging arms would open e'en to me;
Though Stygian darkness rises as a wall,
And Fate has robbed of every helpful thing,
I'll launch my cry—"Sweetheart!"—God
speed the call:
And may today my living Answer bring.

I scan each passing face with anxious eye,
Reach out my hands at every spark of hope,
And yearn for her who will not pass me by—
He makes mistakes who must in darkness
grop!
I haven't much to offer to you dear,
Just love and home—appreciation due—
Who'll say, "He gives enough who gives his
all"—
I need her now—sweet lady, is it YOU?

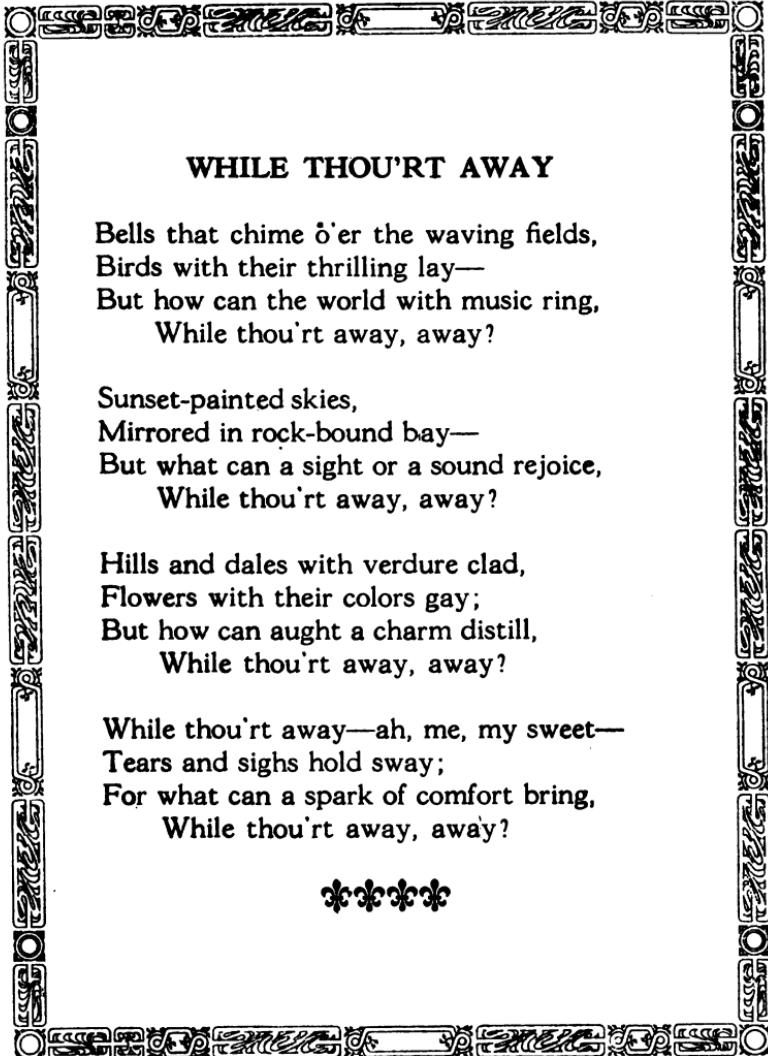


DO YOU EVER THINK OF ME

O maid of velvet lashes,
And eyes of winsome brown,
Your charms my heart have captured
And torn its armor down.
Do you ever think of me?
Will you deign my plight to see?
Hazy dawn 'til purple twilight—
Do you ever think of me?

Gentle maid, with voice of music,
And soul both sweet and true,
Days and nights o'erflow with goodness
When blessed by dreams of you.
You are all the world to me!
Can captive Captor be?
Gloomy night 'til rosy morning—
Do you ever think of me?





WHILE THOU'R'T AWAY

Bells that chime o'er the waving fields,
Birds with their thrilling lay—
But how can the world with music ring,
While thou'r't away, away?

Sunset-painted skies,
Mirrored in rock-bound bay—
But what can a sight or a sound rejoice,
While thou'r't away, away?

Hills and dales with verdure clad,
Flowers with their colors gay;
But how can aught a charm distill,
While thou'r't away, away?

While thou'r't away—ah, me, my sweet—
Tears and sighs hold sway;
For what can a spark of comfort bring,
While thou'r't away, away?



EXULTATION

How come such roses in your cheeks,
How come your mouth with honey reeks?
How come you have such graceful lines,
Your arms, your breasts are such joy-mines?
Reckon some bird gave you his voice,
To make your words so blithely choice?
Geraniums hover you I bet—
'Cause say—you're mighty sweet to pet!

How come your soul so kind and true?
You thrill me dearie, through and through—
If this whole lovely world were mine,
I'd humbly bring it to your shrine;
My heart keeps singin' all the day,
Since I dared ask—and found I may
Expect to have you—needn't fret—
And Gee—you're mighty sweet to pet!



IMPATIENCE

My heart is full of yearning,
Mine eyes are filled with tears;
Wild thoughts my brain are thronging,
No rest my spirit cheers.

I hear thee, see thee, feel thee,
At morn, at noon, at night;
Thy winsome grace and lovely face
My soul fills with delight.

The day is long and dreary,
Though faithful smiles the sun;
With grief my heart is weary—
Would God the task were done!

Ah, do not think I doubt thee—
'Tis simply hard to feel
That bliss as great as having you
Shall not be dreamed, but real.



SONGS
CALIFORNIA

KATHLEEN

Sweetheart Kathleen,
Dear little queen—
Happy the day that I found you;
Heaven has blest,
Now I can rest,
Love in his meshes has bound you;
Though the path may wind,
Fate seem unkind,
Within your arms still joy I'll find.

Refrain

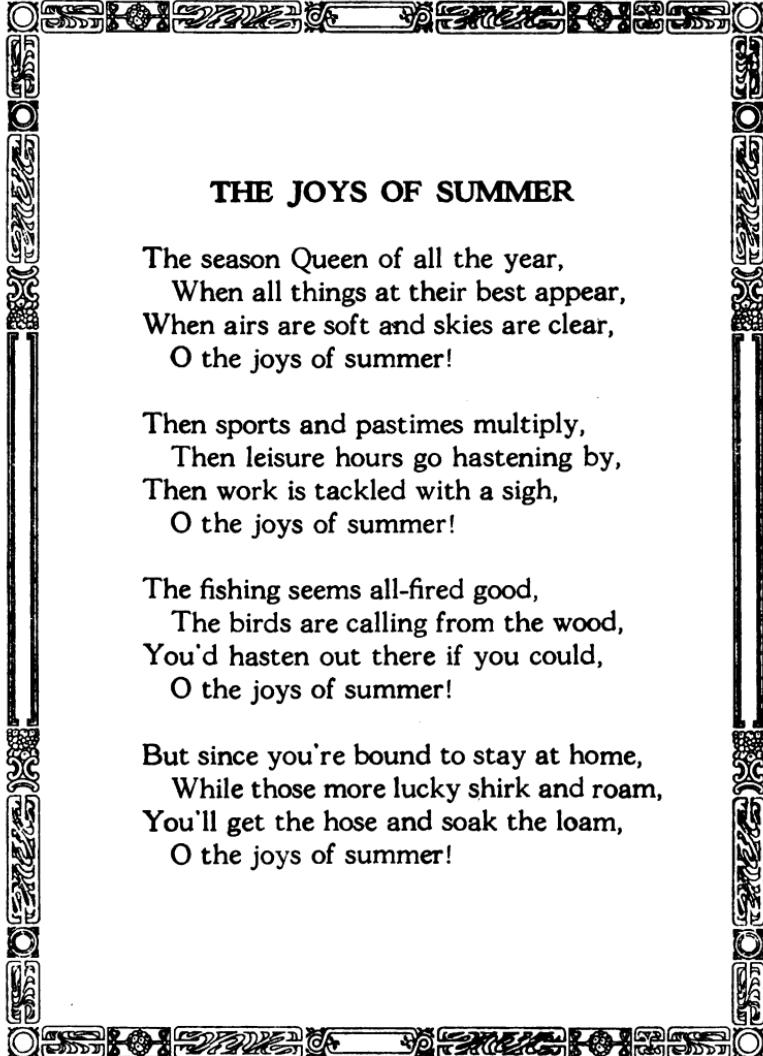
Sweetheart Kathleen, my true love,
'Round you my arms I twine—
Fresh as the dew-dipped roses,
Glad in the sun's warm shine;
This world o'erflows with beauty,
How can a heart repine?
Pleasant the path of duty—
God keep you ever mine!

THE VILLAGE
WISDOMS

Mother so dear—
Dad I revere—
Both in yon church-yard are sleeping;
Old homestead gone,
Kinsfolk all drawn,
Far from old scenes memory's keeping;
But while some may please,
The world to roam,
We'll choose the joys of "Home, sweet home."

Refrain





THE JOYS OF SUMMER

The season Queen of all the year,
When all things at their best appear,
When airs are soft and skies are clear,
O the joys of summer!

Then sports and pastimes multiply,
Then leisure hours go hastening by,
Then work is tackled with a sigh,
O the joys of summer!

The fishing seems all-fired good,
The birds are calling from the wood,
You'd hasten out there if you could,
O the joys of summer!

But since you're bound to stay at home,
While those more lucky shirk and roam,
You'll get the hose and soak the loam,
O the joys of summer!

The purse, indulgence still denies—
Since action always mollifies,
You'll vent your spite by swatting flies;
O the joys of summer!

That fellow had his trunk all packed,
And ticket bought—no speed he lacked,
But left, just as he was attacked—
O the joys of summer!

A fly is sure a mighty pest—
He's there to tease when you would rest—
He thinks your pawing but a jest:
O the joys of summer!

Some epidemic we should start,
To give Sir Fly a failing heart,
Or Meningitis' mighty dart—
Augment the joys of summer!

Whoever read of "Flies Sun-struck!"
"Appendicitis has 'em stuck!"
What human had that much good luck?
O the joys of summer!

Now one of summer's greatest joys,
Is getting up a crowd of boys,
And camping—far from city noise;
O the joys of summer!

So thus you rest your weary soul,
On a cot right width for a barber-pole,
While skeeters take their nightly toll:
O the joys of summer!

These river skeeters seem to be,
Some form of wing-ed elephantry,
With a spike on the end of his trunk, by gee!
O the joys of summer!

The fish bite best when you're alone—
Such selfishness we may condone;
The boat from camp you softly sneak,
To some snug cove 'way up the creek;
At noon, some Rube you'll think to bilk,
Out of some food, or at least, some milk;
It seems the old man's gone to town—
The girls are home!—yes, you'll sit down!
Since daddy won't be home 'til dark,
'Tis sure a first class chance to spark;
Of course you know the way to camp!
Remain for supper—your 'vantage tamp:
O the joys of summer!

At last the good old man appears,
And ah—the time for parting nears!
'Tis hard to tear yourself away,
But hope to come again next day;
So back toward camp you bravely start,
With whistled tune and happy heart;

You think you'll take a shorter cut—
 You tie the boat and start off—but—
Somehow the woods seem mighty dark,
 'Taint like walking through a park—
A fallen tree—a pool—such luck!
 You stumble—fall right in the muck:
 O the joys of summer!

If your camp friends should see you now,
 They'd swear you'd flirted with a sow.
You dig the junk from out your eyes,
 And wish that you had been more wise—
Regret you stayed 'til after dark;
 Such grawsome shades and noises—hark!
Your flesh creeps—heart thumps—erect your
 hair:
 Perhaps yon thing's a grizzly bear!
About worn out with bumps and fright—
 My goodness gracious, what a night—
At last you find the blessed camp,
 And sneak to bed without a lamp:
 O the joys of summer!

When morning comes you square yourself,
By telling how the woodland elf
Had treated you the night before—
Which, though amusing, made you sore;
But after breakfast, get the gun,
And see if hunting's any fun;
You see a squirrel—miss your aim—
Give chase and almost catch the game;
But city feet are clumsy junk—
You get them tangled, and—ker-plunk!
A beehive-pillow's not the thing—
A while your face rides in a sling:
O the joys of summer!

The farmer's girls must wait in vain—
One can't be nice when in such pain;
Besides, your looks would make them laugh—
You're in no mood to take their chaff;
Folks say that berrying's lots of fun,

Although it's warm out in the sun;
But as you pick, a garter snake
Decides his leave he'd better take;
You see him move, and yells out-pour;
It might be an asp or a constrictor!
So up you jump and run for life—
You seem no kin to old Lot's wife:
O the joys of summer.

In swimming breeches now essay,
To sport some idle hours away;
Get sun-burned, all a cherry red—
The hide peels off from hips to head;
Then is aught in the way of dress,
An abomination of heaviness:
A farmer's orchard you invade—
Harsh sounds the welkin soon pervade—
When you're in the top of the tallest tree,
The farmer turns his game-dogs free;
By such small space you win the race,
You should sit down—yet can't with
grace:
O the joys of summer!

A drizzling rain sets in next day—
So in the tent you're doomed to stay;
The guy-ropes shrink—up come the stakes—
You drive them back 'til the mallet breaks;
All go to bed, but in the night,
The wind starts blowing with ripping
might—
The blooming tent comes dripping down—
The rain beats in as if to drown!
Wet matches mean no fire or light—
Sit 'round and shiver all through that
night—
And rain all food-stuffs sure defiles;
The nearest town? About five miles:
O the joys of summer!

So all agree to start for home—
'Tis safer, 'neath a solid dome;
As from the depot with load you go,
A crowd is spied up Newspaper Row;
Perhaps there's something great to see—
The President—or a dog-fight free:
First bulletins of how our team
Is showing York giants some base-ball
steam;

So, rushing madly up the street,
 You feel distressed when loafers greet
Your haste with jeers—a sorry deal—
 Just a man been killed by an automobile!
Go home—pray for sense—this life's whole
 show,
Is but a blooming farce you know:
 Like the joys of summer!



THY FACE

O'er hill and vale the rising sun,
 The gloom of night doth chase—
So care and grief now flee before
 Thy sweet and holy face.



I WILL

Brother, life's day is short—
Eternity has no end;
You should claim salvation now,
Judgment day you'll need a Friend;
Jesus gave his blood for you,
Jesus is a friend who's true;
Brother, how can you stay?
Renounce the world and say:

Refrain

I will heed the Savior's knock,
And become one of his flock;
Since he now forgives the past,
With the Cross my lot I'll cast;
I will take the manly stand,
Turn from sin, do God's command;
I will answer while I may—
I will yield my soul today.

Jesus is at the door—
O fail not to let him in;
You should take him for your guide,
It is death to live in sin;
You cannot be saved by tears,
Give no mind to mortal fears;
Trust Him and strive and pray,
Come up, dear soul, and say:

"I will," etc.

Satan will strive to hold—
His triumph is now at stake;
Every day his fetters grow,
Break them while you've power to
break;
Say not, you are free from sin—
Mortal man has never been:
Vaunt not your pride today,
Take sides with Christ, and say:

"I will," etc.

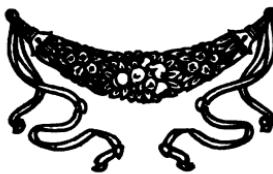


GRAY BALLAD

Still hold thy lamp dear friend,
Before mine eyes—
A wealth of comfort
In its glimmer lies;
How soon the selfish friendship
Fades and dies!
Would I might ever keep
These holier ties—
Still hold thy lamp.

In youth and prime, both road
And sky are clear—
No dearth to hinder—
Plenty far and near;
When all is changed and age stands
Stark and sere,
One gropes about and counts
A welcome dear.
Still hold thy lamp.

The light of friendship cheers
The darkest way—
When constantly it sheds
Its blessed ray;
The noblest acts are those
Not done for pay—
I've nought to give but yet
I humbly pray:
Still hold thy lamp!



CONSOLATION

Turn, turn to me—whatever be thy burden—
Strive not to keep thy grief within thy
heart;

When trouble comes, the shallow all forsake
thee—

Constancy bids me do a kinder part!

Though selfish men have filched thy precious
treasures—

Taken thine all, and left thee lost and lone—
Call, call to me! with zeal and haste I'll
answer,

Thine to command is all I am or own!

Come, dear one, come; relieve thy bitter
heartache—

Welcome art thou—let love this tribute pay;
I'll understand, with insight swift and gentle—
These loving hands would wipe thy tears
away.



UNREGENERATE

The doctor sez my stummick,
Has got plumb out o'fix,
My liver has done wasted—
Seeds jam my ap-pen-dix.

My skin keeps on a yallerin',
My lease is hastenin' by,
In short, I'm totally founderin',
From too much berry pie.

I wish that my Creator
Had made old Adam keep
Right in the straight and narrow,
An' let his senses sleep.

But since he chose the habit
Of cravin' things too high,
I feel I've got excuses
For wantin' berry pie.

Now when life's day is over—
All done with hopes and fears—
The fashion is to tender
Sweet flowers and salty tears.

I wish my friends would do this,
The day before I die,
And let their fond affections
Be 'spressed in juicy pie.

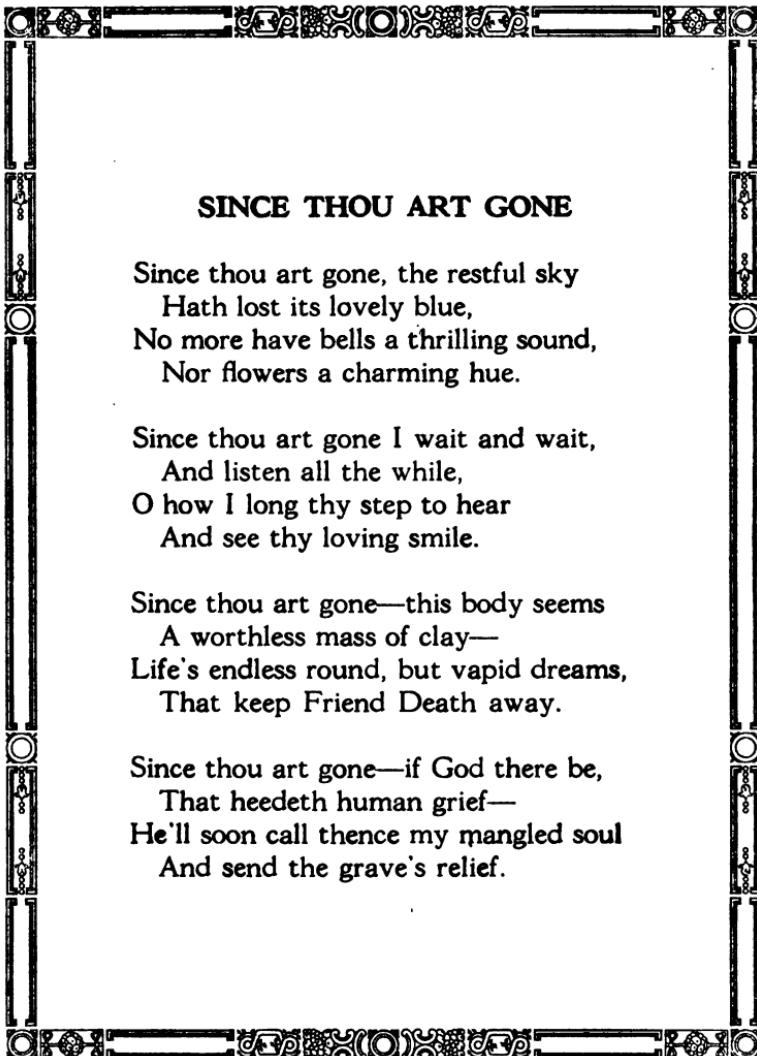
I'll then climb in the coffin,
Without a qualm or sigh,
And take the plunge full-stummicked,
With 'nuff of berry pie.



FEAR

Thou blighting viper from a Dante's hell—
Imbued into the mind from infancy,
To rob of peace, reduce man's potency,
To hurt the health, make failures, ring
Faith's knell:
And when thy growth no force attempts to
quell,
Thy vantage shows in greater vacillancy,
Unchecked, to culminate in maniacy:
No quarter ever marks thine influence fell;
Thou'st been so sly, thou ne'er wert seen
'til late,
But now thou'rt known, thou'l find man
dares defy;
Except he yield, no power can separate
That soul from God who strives from sin to
fly;
By prayer, by will, this curse annihilate—
O dragon Fear, now and forever, DIE!





SINCE THOU ART GONE

Since thou art gone, the restful sky
 Hath lost its lovely blue,
No more have bells a thrilling sound,
 Nor flowers a charming hue.

Since thou art gone I wait and wait,
 And listen all the while,
O how I long thy step to hear
 And see thy loving smile.

Since thou art gone—this body seems
 A worthless mass of clay—
Life's endless round, but vapid dreams,
 That keep Friend Death away.

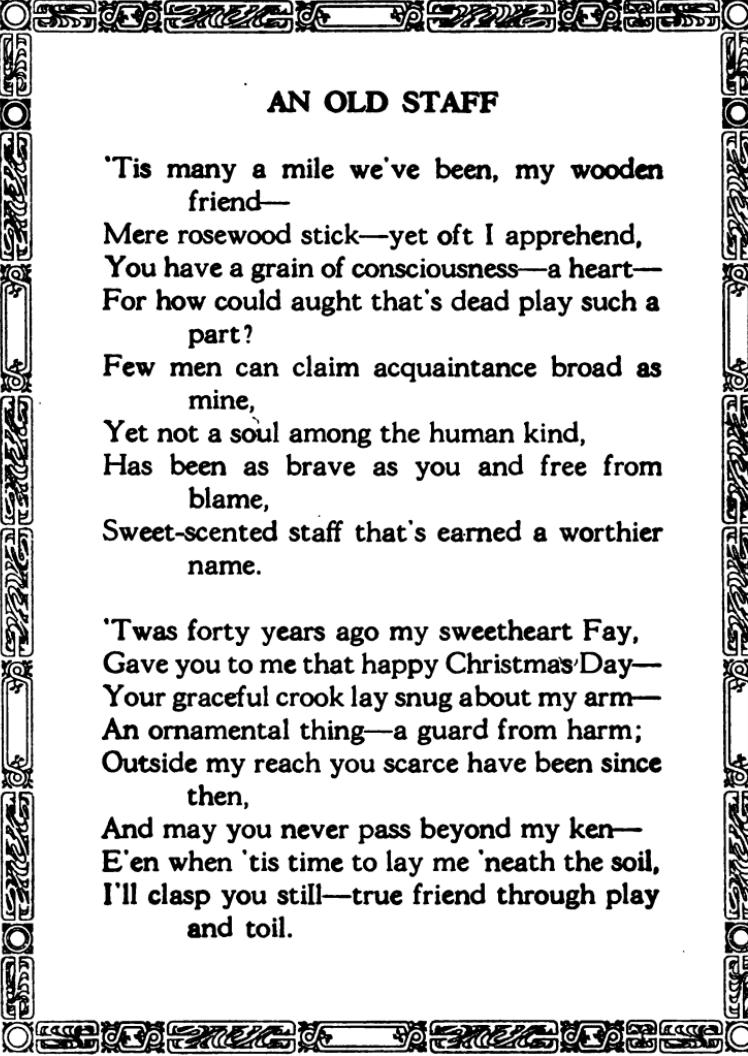
Since thou art gone—if God there be,
 That heedeth human grief—
He'll soon call thence my mangled soul
 And send the grave's relief.

Since thou art gone I grope, I fall,
I wonder who I am,
And what existence here is for,
And what the end of man?

Since thou art gone—O Faith, stand by!
Oh, leave me not alone—
There is a God—He'll hear my cry—
And some day call me home.

Home—where moth and rust eat not,
Nor thieves break in and steal—
Where mortal woes are all forgot,
And Christ all wounds doth heal!





AN OLD STAFF

'Tis many a mile we've been, my wooden friend—

Mere rosewood stick—yet oft I apprehend,
You have a grain of consciousness—a heart—
For how could aught that's dead play such a part?

Few men can claim acquaintance broad as mine,

Yet not a soul among the human kind,
Has been as brave as you and free from blame,

Sweet-scented staff that's earned a worthier name.

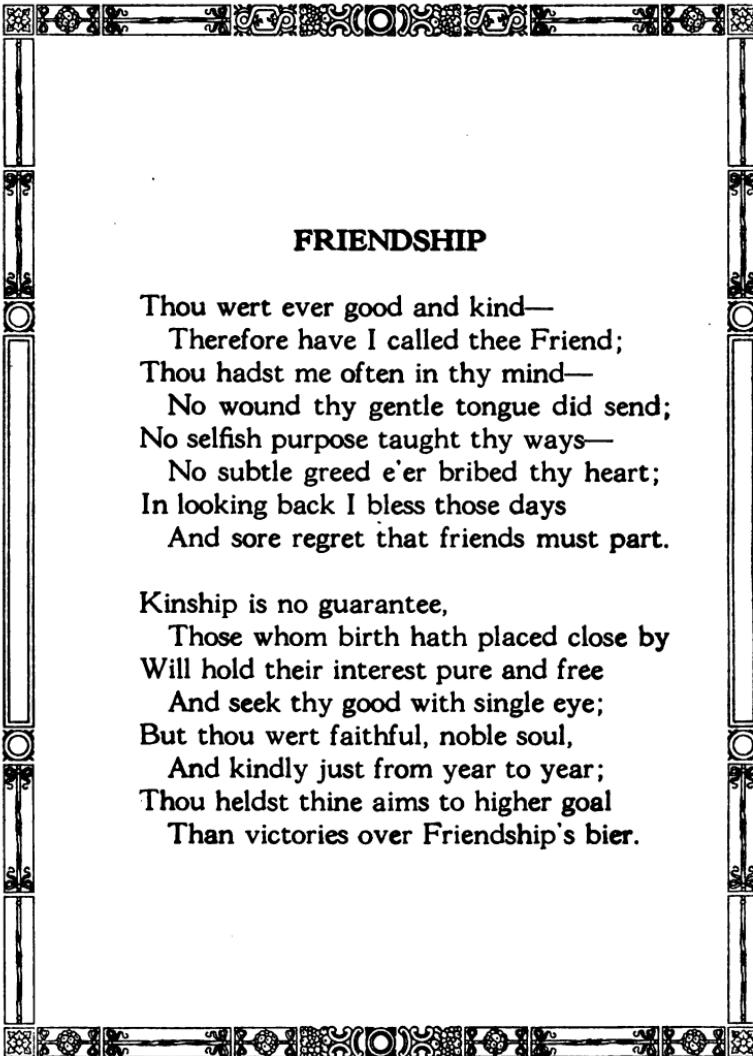
'Twas forty years ago my sweetheart Fay,
Gave you to me that happy Christmas Day—
Your graceful crook lay snug about my arm—
An ornamental thing—a guard from harm;
Outside my reach you scarce have been since then,

And may you never pass beyond my ken—
E'en when 'tis time to lay me 'neath the soil,
I'll clasp you still—true friend through play
and toil.

Aha! but we did make those ruffians fly,
That stormy night—they thought no help
 was nigh
And sought to 'sault my Fay or take her
 purse—
She ran, but fell—which made the matter
 worse;
I hasted fast as e'er legs took a man,
And swung my rosewood stick as few men
 can—
I knocked their weapons from their hands and
 beat
Them into ignominious retreat.

You helped me win my sweetheart for my
 wife—
You've helped me in a thousand sorts of
 strife:
In youth the touch that made me feel well-
 dressed—
A source of calm to help me do my best;
And now in feeble age, my trusty stay,
That aids my crumbling castle on the way—
I won't feel quite at home in yon bright land,
Unless my rosewood stick be in my hand.

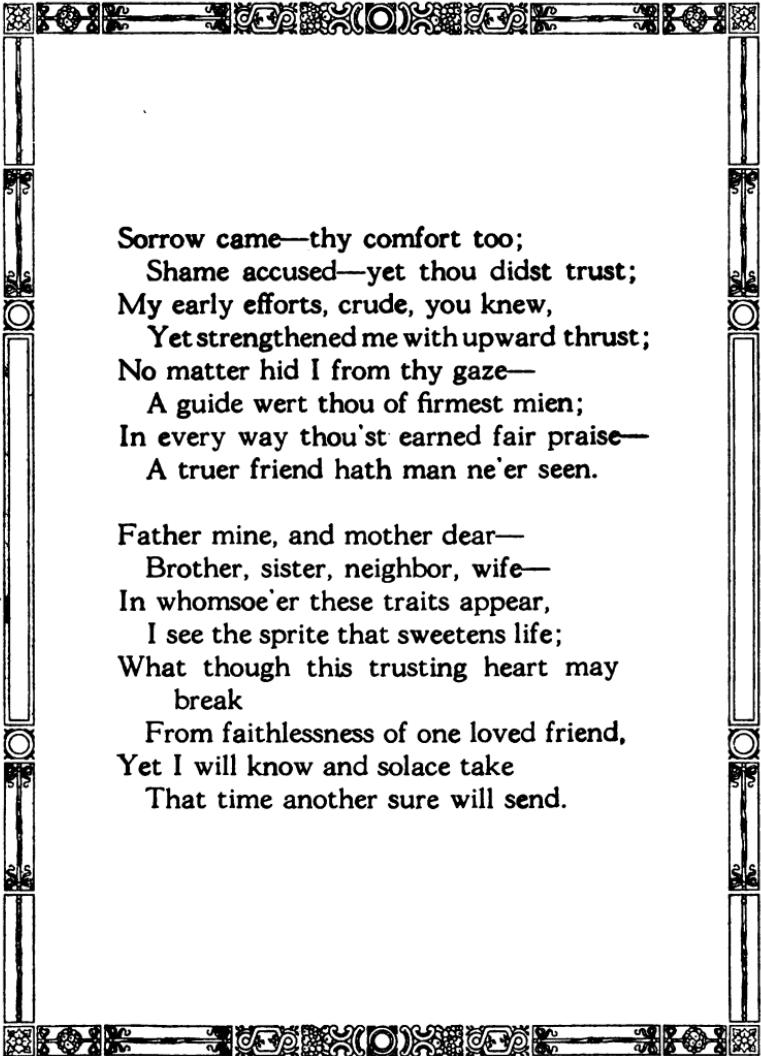




FRIENDSHIP

Thou wert ever good and kind—
Therefore have I called thee Friend;
Thou hadst me often in thy mind—
No wound thy gentle tongue did send;
No selfish purpose taught thy ways—
No subtle greed e'er bribed thy heart;
In looking back I bless those days
And sore regret that friends must part.

Kinship is no guarantee,
Those whom birth hath placed close by
Will hold their interest pure and free
And seek thy good with single eye;
But thou wert faithful, noble soul,
And kindly just from year to year;
Thou heldst thine aims to higher goal
Than victories over Friendship's bier.



Sorrow came—thy comfort too;
Shame accused—yet thou didst trust;
My early efforts, crude, you knew,
Yet strengthened me with upward thrust;
No matter hid I from thy gaze—
A guide wert thou of firmest mien;
In every way thou'st earned fair praise—
A truer friend hath man ne'er seen.

Father mine, and mother dear—
Brother, sister, neighbor, wife—
In whomsoe'er these traits appear,
I see the sprite that sweetens life;
What though this trusting heart may
break
From faithlessness of one loved friend,
Yet I will know and solace take
That time another sure will send.

Thou hast e'er been good and kind—
Therefore have I called thee Friend;
No fears or doubts assail my mind—
No loss or change I apprehend;
But though one friend should fickle be,
Or flail the heart with coldness new—
Thanks be to God I plainly see,
The Spirit of Friendship aye is true.



WATCHER'S SONG

Jesus is coming—O hear the glad word,
The like of it has not for ages been heard—
Then come precious Saviour, and come noble
King,

A few souls are ready Thy welcome to sing.

Jesus is coming—O happy the day—
False doctrines and mystery will vanish
away;
All creeds and religions He will merge into
one,
Possess all His vineyards, thou husbandman's
Son.

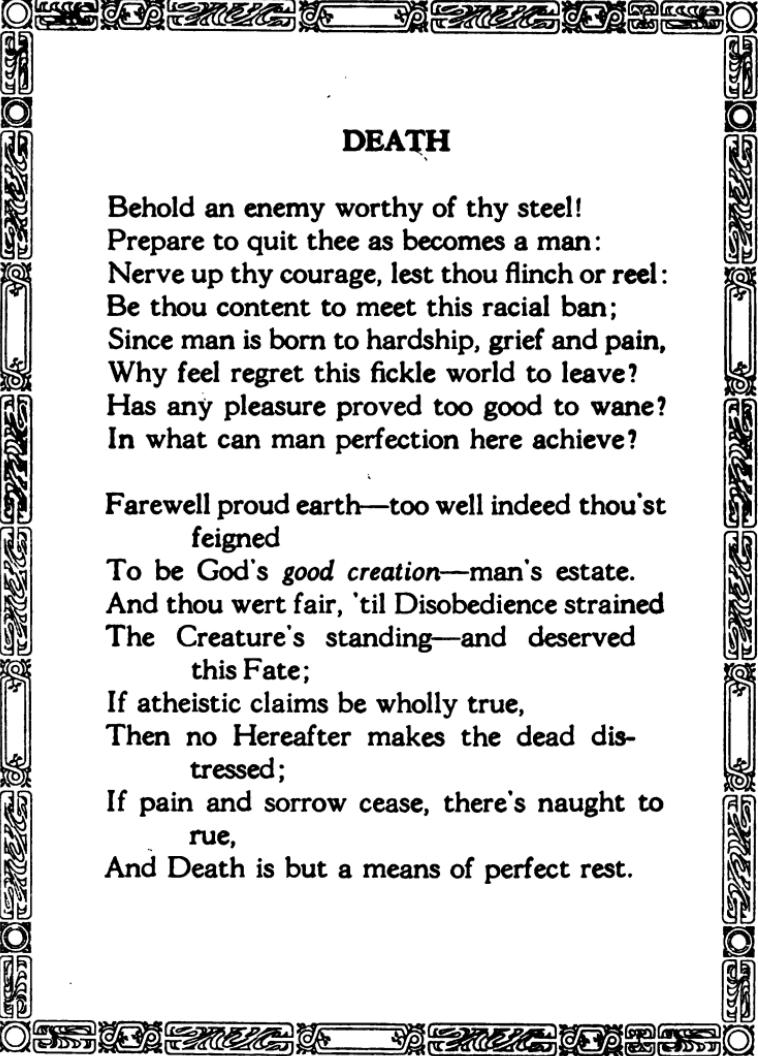
Jesus is coming—but how will He come—
Descend from the heavens with trumpet and
drum,
With shouting archangels and fiery cloud,
Convincing at once both the humble and
proud?

Jesus is coming—O what would we do,
If He should come meekly when nobody
knew?
Would we be like children or apostles of old,
Accept His new gospel and enter His fold?

Jesus is coming—then come blessed Christ—
The worth of thine advent could not be o'er-
priced;
Conviction place on us, the Truth let us see,
That nothing can keep us from knowing 'tis
Thee!

Jesus is coming—O hasten the hour,
When sin, pain and sorrow shall no more
have power;
There's nothing we hold but we'd gladly
release,
To gain us a place in Thy Kingdom of Peace.





DEATH

Behold an enemy worthy of thy steel!
Prepare to quit thee as becomes a man:
Nerve up thy courage, lest thou flinch or reel:
Be thou content to meet this racial ban;
Since man is born to hardship, grief and pain,
Why feel regret this fickle world to leave?
Has any pleasure proved too good to wane?
In what can man perfection here achieve?

Farewell proud earth—too well indeed thou'st
feigned
To be God's *good creation*—man's estate.
And thou wert fair, 'til Disobedience strained
The Creature's standing—and deserved
this Fate;
If atheistic claims be wholly true,
Then no Hereafter makes the dead dis-
tressed;
If pain and sorrow cease, there's naught to
rue,
And Death is but a means of perfect rest.

All things through Death are transitory made;
His authority is absolute—his call
Quite irresistible. This gresome shade
At last has triumphed since old Adam's fall.
That Death is but a birth, there is some
chance—

And not a greater *change* than embryos know,
When forced from ease to full inheritance,
Yet of their previous life no memory show.

Away with Dread—away with Doubt, my
soul!

Hold fast the sheaves thou'st gleaned from
earthly dross!

For One came down from heaven to fix thy
goal—

To show the way—and buy thee through
His cross;

Beyond such mercy's reach thou canst not
fall—

Though justice be too good for such as thee—
But trust in Him—thy times can bring no
gall;

By Faith, thou'l soon be done with Mystery!



HEAVEN

Sure, Heaven is a state of consciousness:
Existing therefore wholly in degree;
Where God is, *there* is lasting happiness,
For all who love both right and equity;
E'en in this transient little world of ours,
There are so many deep and wondrous
things—
So much to learn that's quite beyond our
powers,
Who dares fore-judge thy Heaven, thou
King of kings!

In this short life, rejoicing, we have used,
Each added power; with Him as we unfold,
With joy we'll see God's gracious gifts in-
fused,
Eternal progress in ourselves behold;
For then as now, He'll give to every one,
More than he can in full appreciate;
We'll own the friendships dear, on earth
begun—
Renew old ties, no more to separate.

"But where is Heaven?" some doubting one
inquires;

Shun idle talk—thy first concern should be
To know the Lord; to live as He requires,
Accept His Christ and strive the Truth to
see;

"Believe and ye shall never die!" 'Tis writ—
Then know, the righteous merely taste of
death—

The wicked suffer it. Sown in the pit
The seed must die, to heed Life's quicken-
ing breath.

"But where is Heaven?" some doubter still
may ask;

'Tis that fair place where mansions are
prepared;
Man enters in the outer courts to bask

In glory's light when he no pains has spared
To get in harmony with Deity.

The *overcomers* leave this plane at once to
go

To Life and Service—wholesome piety—
While others sleep a thousand years or so.



FORGET-ME-NOT

No letter comes from you my dear—
So soon have you forgot?
In these sad eyes there shines a tear—
Sweet friend, forget-me-not!

Oh! would that I within your heart,
Had gained so warm a spot,
To treat me so, such pain would start,
You would forget-me-not.

May Time twine roses in your hair,
A thornless path allot—
Of all that's good a bounteous share,
And Faith—forget-me-not!

Thy "fare-thee-well" was sweet and kind,
With hope these lines I jot—
Again to come before your mind
And say— "Forget-me-not!"



GOOD-BYE

'Tis time to part—how dear those hours
We've spent in fellowship divine!
Both work, and recreation's flowers,
Made sweet by Friendship's holy wine;
For when our tongues no words have found,
It just seemed good to have you 'round—
The all-wise God alone can know
How hard it is to let you go—
Good-bye, sweet friend.

We've each desired the other's weal—
Sought to bring out the very best
That in us lay; thus both may feel,
All those who have such friends are blest;
Ah yes! 'tis mighty hard to part,
And bitter tears will often start;
The future's veiled from us indeed—
How much may each the other need!
Good-bye sweet friend.

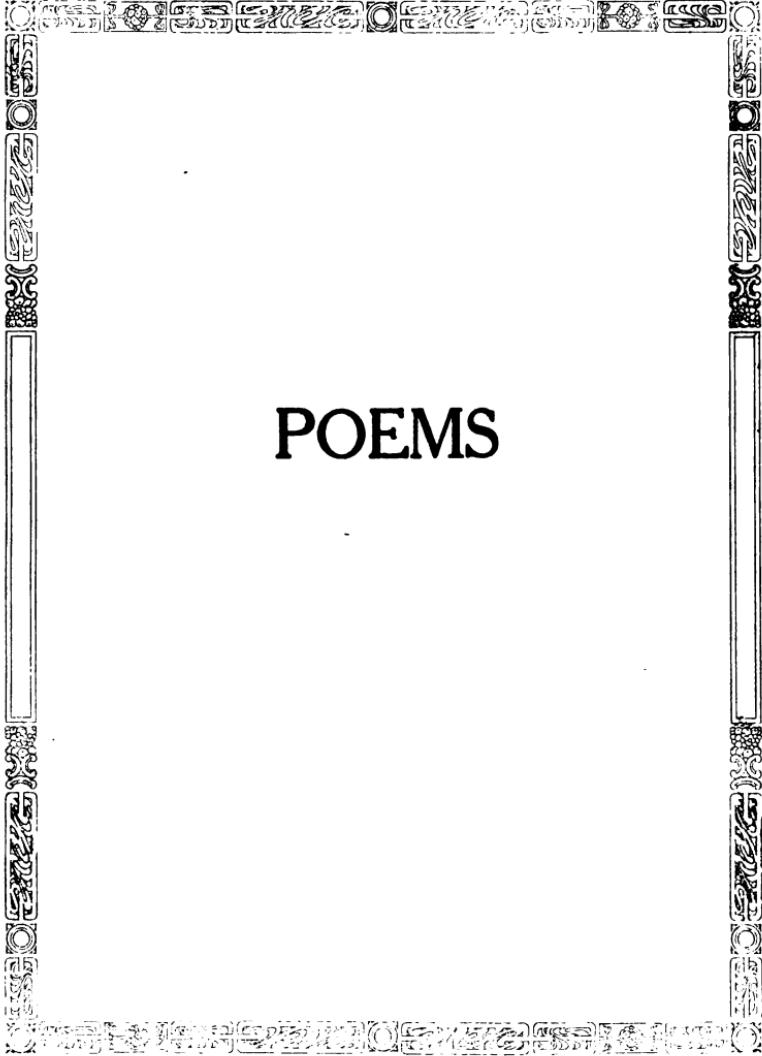
Not everyone may we well call
By the sacred name of friend—alas!
Few have much depth—when known they
 pall,

And into kind oblivion pass;
My purpose perfect in all things
Is your sweet faith—such joy it brings;
Your loss an aching void will leave
Reunion only can retrieve:
Good-bye sweet friend.

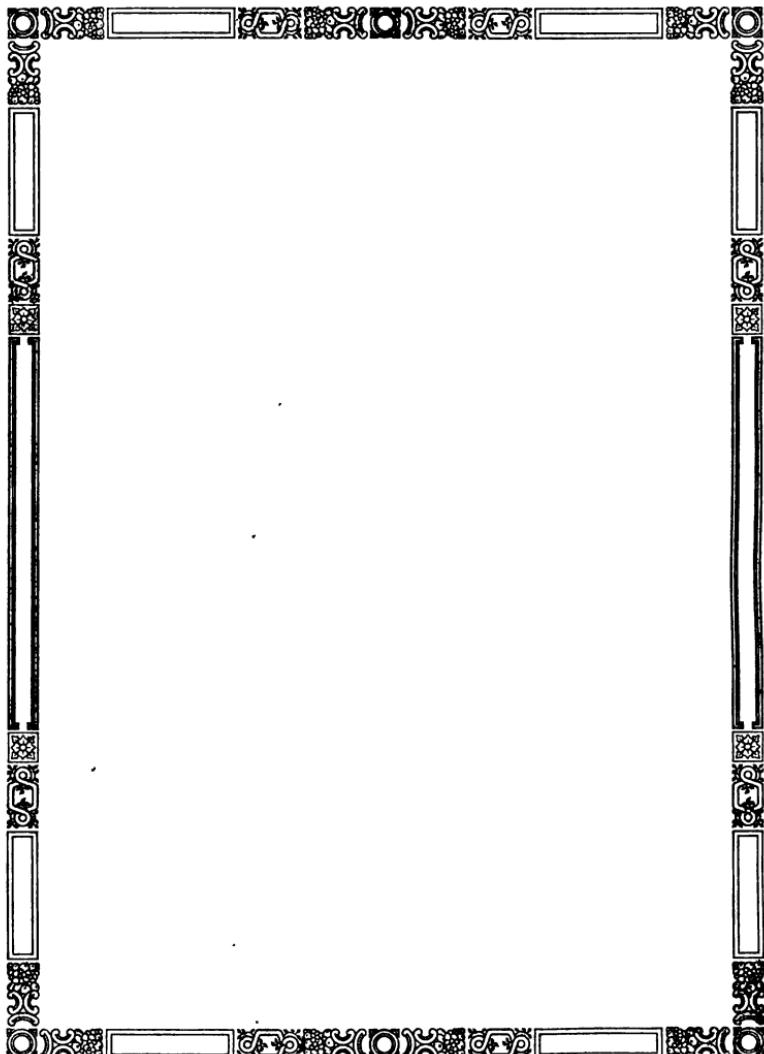
I'll sadly miss your cheery smile,
The lingering hand-clasp, ready ear,
Your tender sympathy, free from guile,
That *understanding*, rare and dear;
Yet these not more than that fine trait
Which condoned my failings, ne'er did prate,
Yet sanctioned not; in *heaven*, I ween,
There's naught to mar or intervene:
Good-bye sweet friend.







POEMS

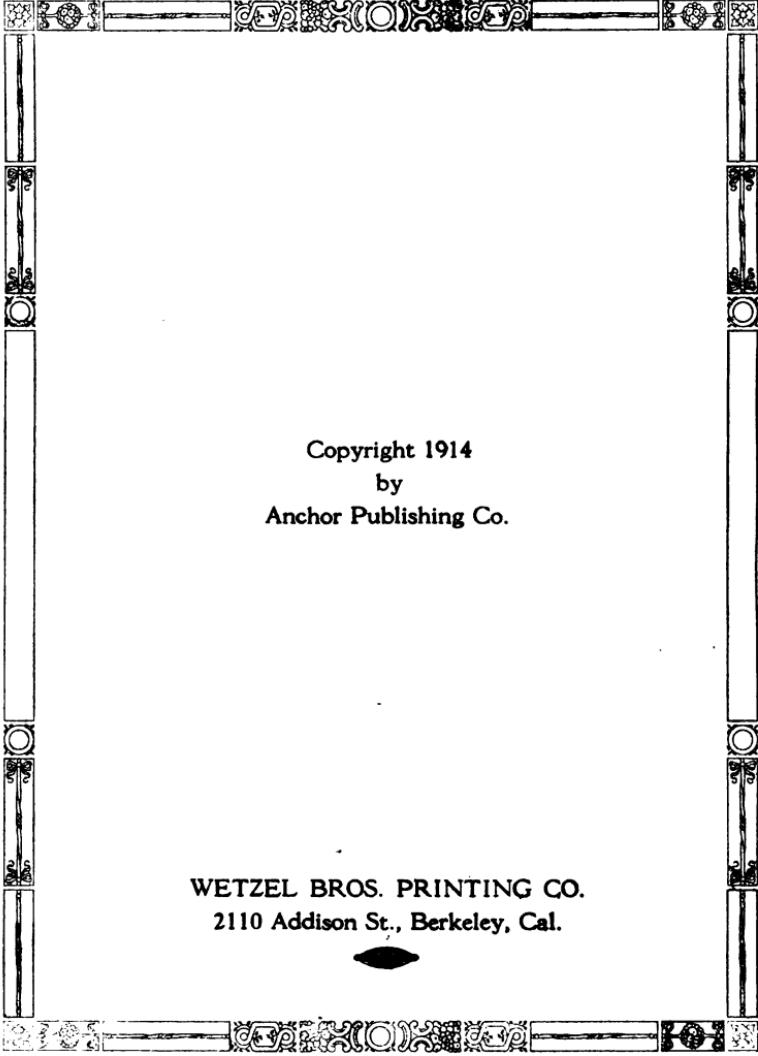


A BOOK OF
POEMS

BY
ARTHUR FRANKLIN FULLER

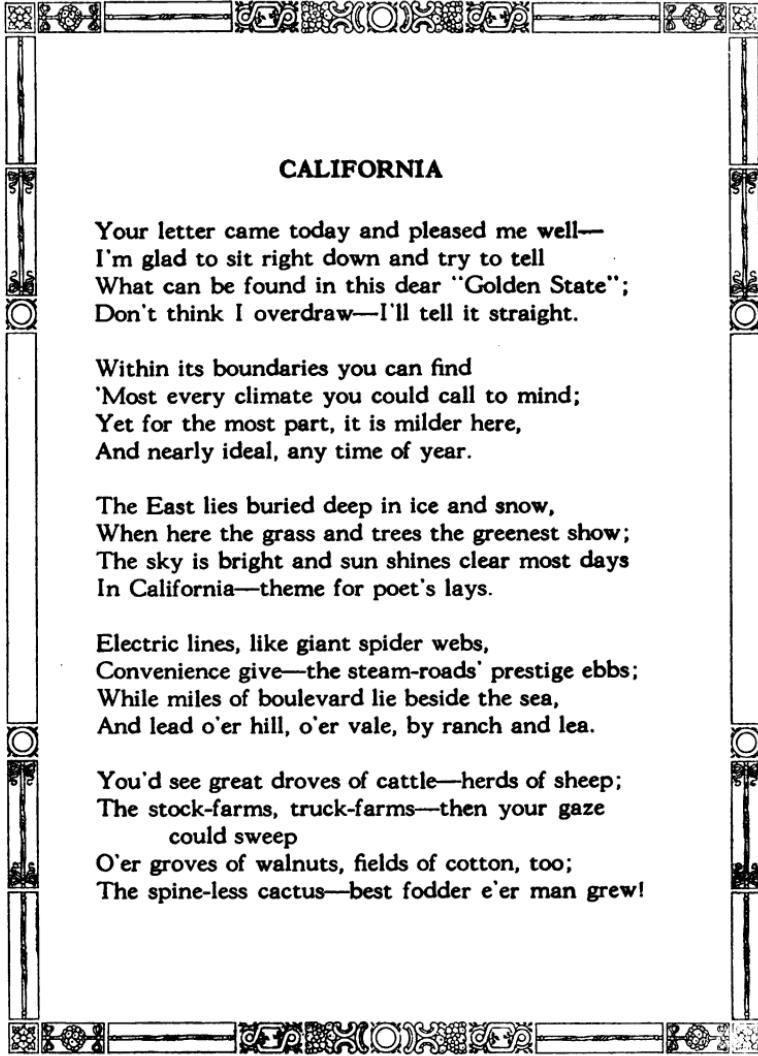
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CALIFORNIA

Your letter came today and pleased me well—
I'm glad to sit right down and try to tell
What can be found in this dear "Golden State";
Don't think I overdraw—I'll tell it straight.

Within its boundaries you can find
'Most every climate you could call to mind;
Yet for the most part, it is milder here,
And nearly ideal, any time of year.

The East lies buried deep in ice and snow,
When here the grass and trees the greenest show;
The sky is bright and sun shines clear most days
In California—theme for poet's lays.

Electric lines, like giant spider webs,
Convenience give—the steam-roads' prestige ebbs;
While miles of boulevard lie beside the sea,
And lead o'er hill, o'er vale, by ranch and lea.

You'd see great droves of cattle—herds of sheep;
The stock-farms, truck-farms—then your gaze
could sweep
O'er groves of walnuts, fields of cotton, too;
The spine-less cactus—best fodder e'er man grew!

Here fields of sugar-beets the eye will please,
And sweet alfalfa waves in luscious seas;
In Coachella valley, date-palms spread—
In Yucaipa land grow apples big and red.

The ostrich and the alligator farms
Afford amusement—add to feminine charms;
The San Joaquin valley adds its tasty store
Of figs, grapes, prunes and luscious things galore.

But the greatest thing of all in this great land
Is the orange grove—so fragrant and so grand;
Casabas sweet with water-melons vie,
While grape-fruit and peach orchards oft you'll spy.

'Tis in Tulare county where one sees
A wonder of the world—the *redwood trees*;
Why there are some near thirty feet at base,
That reach three hundred feet up into space!

But many love the eucalyptus best—
Some stand one hundred feet from ground to crest;
While in the background loom the mountains grim—
Here's scenery to meet one's every whim.

There's beautiful Lake Tahoe—I 'most forgot—
A splendid place to go to fish and yacht;
In California's marshes cranes we see—
In the mountains, wolves, deer, bears and lions be!

'Round Bakersfield comes little from the soil,
But there a world of wealth is found in oil;
There's scarce a thing you'll name but here is found—
Of all the stuff that's taken from the ground.

Within our cities one can go and find,
In color, tongue, religion—his own kind;
Poor folks declare the climate safest yet—
Because for fuel and clothes they've less to fret.

This State's a splendid place to come and rest—
And those who can stay the longest are most blest;
They renew their joy in living—for they see
One place where things are as we'd have them be.

So many come for health and find it here—
Some come too late for aught to help or cheer;
Here Father Time wears an indulgent smile,
And for the old folks, just turns back a while!

The yards and hedges yield for slightest care,
Profusion great—there're flowers everywhere;
Sweet violets, roses and geranium,
Poinsettia, poppy and chrysanthemum.

Who *could* from loving flowers now refrain—
Make these dear smiles of God exist in vain?
Hydrangea, hyacinth and lilies white,
Nasturtiums and sweet peas, e'en *bees* delight!

The gaudy moths and butterflies flit past
In glad parade—no need for them to fast;
The humming-birds call California *home*—
When joy and food abounds, what need to roam?

All through the night the mocking birds here sing;
By day, red-headed linnets on the wing
Fruit-robbers prove—yet pipe sweet tunes; just
hark?
Yon bull-finches rivaling nightingale and lark.

Struts, satin-blackbird—sings, gay oriole—
Let man expand his sordid, hardened soul;
The sportive seals, make merry 'mid the rocks—
Ducks, geese and quail, speed marshward in gay
flocks.

All nature's joyous—life is worth the while—
Sure all have blessings—only fools revile;
If Fortune lets you come out *Sunset Way*,
You'll swear "Old Cal" 's a bully place to stay!



CONSECRATION

My Father, I delight to do Thy will—
With heavenly wealth would I my coffers fill;
If there be any place I can supply,
Accept my humble answer, "Here am I."
See now my all upon Thine altar laid—
Though torn by my mis-use and sadly frayed;
Through Christ's atonement, spare me from
Thy rod—
Now I delight to do Thy will, O God.

How precious, Lord, is that Thou hast
revealed—
How sweet the Truths within Thy Word
concealed!
And just to think that God could notice me—
Whom little lords of earth would scorn to see!
The Adversary mocks and rudely tears,
But I take heart, rejoiced to know God cares;
Though I may stumble oft, I'll Homeward
plod,
And strive to know and do Thy will O God.

Help me to be a faithful steward here,
To humbly do my best without a fear;
Ah, let me be a fool for Jesus' sake—
Yet ne'er Thy Truth as pearls a show to make
Before the swine; but harmless as a dove,
And wise as any serpent, prove that Love
Can suffer long; though counted odd,
'Tis sweet indeed, to do Thy will O God.

I thank Thee, Lord, my privilege has been
To see the exceeding sinfulness of sin—
And how Thy strength's made perfect in the
weak—
When taught of God, the unlearned with
wisdom speak;
How sweet to feel, Thou'rt mindful of Thine
own—
Wilt make a harvest from the seed that's
sown—
Ah, man can never into progress plod,
Except he do Thy will, Thou righteous God.

Life's disappointments, trials, and intricacy,
But save from indolence and degeneracy;
And Thou permittest Evil but to mould,
To chisel, chasten, render fit to hold
Some place laid open by Thine own design—
E'en grapes must bear the press to yield their
wine!

Though smooth the way or rough, with joy
I plod,
Since I have learned to love Thy will O God.

O let me *trust*—and give as I receive—
They nothing lack who on Thy Word believe;
My all of talents, powers, time, I owe
To Thee who bore so much the way to show;
To live is to work for Christ—in death I'll
rest,
And 'wait Thy coming—Thou'll accept my
best—
I'll thrill to Life and wake from 'neath the
sod,
At Thy "*Come forth!*"—I love Thy will, my
God.



HIS FIRST PANTS

I des I'se mos' a man—
Taws now I'se wearin' pants;
Pop says I'se growin' all I can—
Des' gib me lots of chance!

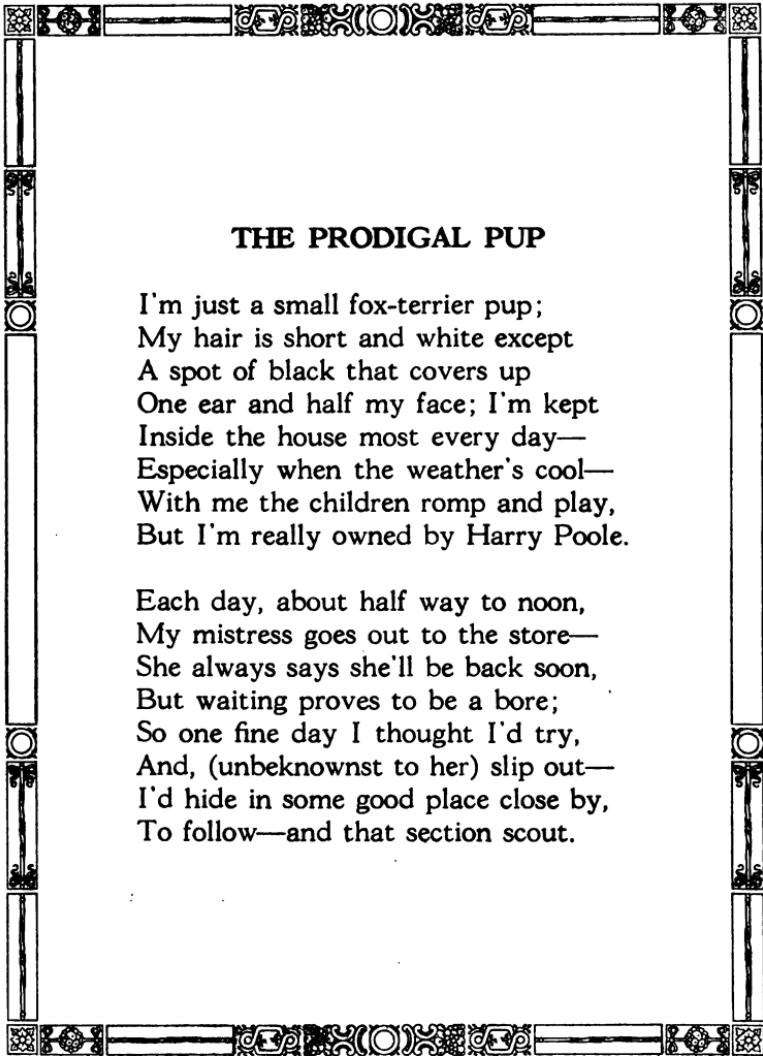
I ain't got 'spenders yet—
Deeze fasten to my waist—
Our baby still wears button shoes—
I'se big—'cuz deeze is laced.

I doe to Sun'y school—
Dis penny's goin' dare—
I'se never goin' to break a rule
Or scratch my new red chair.

My pottet's full of things
I need and want to keep—
My knife, a pencil, nails and strings—
Don't tell you had a peep!

I mus' look jus' like dad—
My doodness ain't I fine—
Deeze pants wuz made fum some he had,
I'se ossel proud dey're mine!





THE PRODIGAL PUP

I'm just a small fox-terrier pup;
My hair is short and white except
A spot of black that covers up
One ear and half my face; I'm kept
Inside the house most every day—
Especially when the weather's cool—
With me the children romp and play,
But I'm really owned by Harry Poole.

Each day, about half way to noon,
My mistress goes out to the store—
She always says she'll be back soon,
But waiting proves to be a bore;
So one fine day I thought I'd try,
And, (unbeknownst to her) slip out—
I'd hide in some good place close by,
To follow—and that section scout.

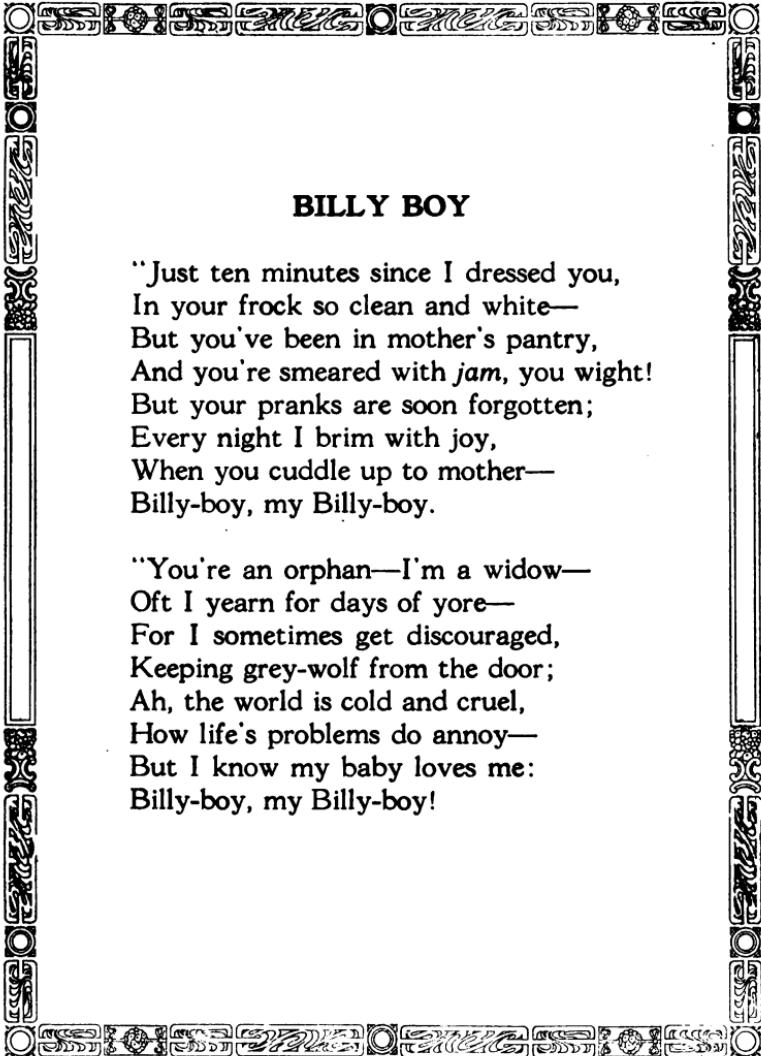
The scheme worked fine—'twas such a lark!
I met a girl-pup, fluffy white;
You know I had to stop and spark—
My mistress soon got out of sight;
I wandered 'round an awful while,
Until toward dark a man jocose,
Just coaxed me near with subtle guile,
And took me right into his house!

I never saw so many kids—
All sizes, from the creeper up;
They pulled and mauled—such treatment
bids
One wish he were a *rubber* pup;
I thought of Harry's gentler ways—
And got right homesick then and there—
I guess that roving seldom pays—
It's safer where there're friends and care.

They kept me for an age it seemed—
They seldom gave me food or drink;
Of such a fix I never dreamed—
I don't know what such people think!
A knock was heard at the kitchen door—
I barked as every house-dog should—
With joy I thrilled right to the core,
For on the step my master stood!

A great reunion then took place—
He grabbed me up into his arms,
While happy tears ran down his face,
And both forgot our past alarms;
He crooned to me the whole way back,
I licked his face and hands—don't scoff!
They fed me till I thought I'd crack,
From joy my stump-tail near wagged off!





BILLY BOY

"Just ten minutes since I dressed you,
In your frock so clean and white—
But you've been in mother's pantry,
And you're smeared with *jam*, you wight!
But your pranks are soon forgotten;
Every night I brim with joy,
When you cuddle up to mother—
Billy-boy, my Billy-boy.

"You're an orphan—I'm a widow—
Oft I yearn for days of yore—
For I sometimes get discouraged,
Keeping grey-wolf from the door;
Ah, the world is cold and cruel,
How life's problems do annoy—
But I know my baby loves me:
Billy-boy, my Billy-boy!

"I can almost see you growing—
'Twon't be long till you're a man;
'Twon't be long till you've a sweetheart—
Live your life as best you can!
Don't forget your lone old mother,
When your *home* fills life with joy—
When your fond wife softly murmurs:
'Billy-boy, *my* Billy-boy.' "

Don't forget the hand that rocked you—
Don't forget your mother's care—
When you were a helpless infant,
Hardships often she did bear;
Giving all, yet asking nothing—
Prayed that angels safe convoy;
Love her, till the Master calls her—
Billy-boy, dear Billy-boy!



STARTED RIGHT

I'm a half-orphan—father died the very day
That I was eight years old; an' people say
I look just like my daddy—maybe that's why
My mother loves me so; I mean to try
To do just everything my daddy said,
That day he had me sit upon his bed.
Why, I remember every single word—
My head was clear, though tears my eyes had
blurred.

Dad said, that talk was bound to be the last,
Because he saw the end was nearin' fast;
There ain't no boy but needs a father's hand,
To keep him straight and make him under-
stand;
He said, "My son, I hate to leave you now—
But, *be a man*, and bravely take the plow.
I'll have to leave your mother in your care—
Report to God each night in humble prayer!"

He told me much there isn't time to tell,
"Get started right, stay right—you'll finish
well!"

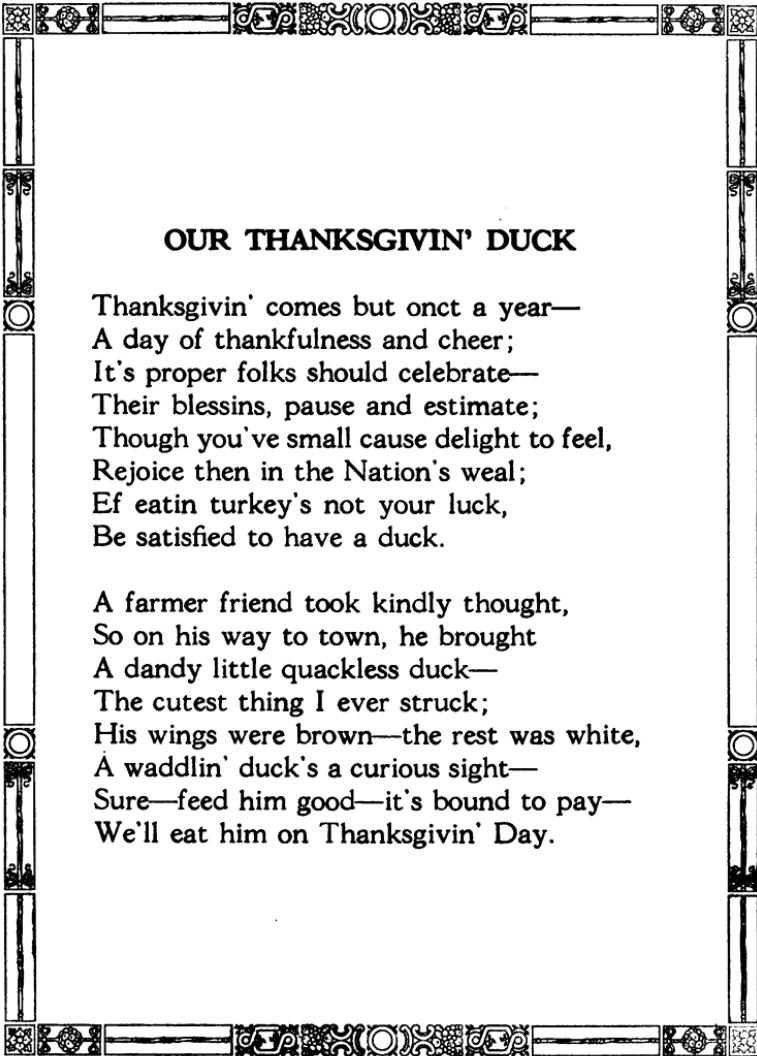
Some say to 'sow wild oats' means happiness—

But dad said, "Sin brings only bitterness.
Those things some say to do to make a man,
Just make a *brute*—you spurn that dirty
span!"

Forget dad's talk? Leave mom? You bet I
won't—

I'm goin' to be a *man*—see if I don't.





OUR THANKSGIVIN' DUCK

Thanksgivin' comes but onct a year—
A day of thankfulness and cheer;
It's proper folks should celebrate—
Their blessins, pause and estimate;
Though you've small cause delight to feel,
Rejoice then in the Nation's weal;
Ef eatin turkey's not your luck,
Be satisfied to have a duck.

A farmer friend took kindly thought,
So on his way to town, he brought
A dandy little quackless duck—
The cutest thing I ever struck;
His wings were brown—the rest was white,
A waddlin' duck's a curious sight—
Sure—feed him good—it's bound to pay—
We'll eat him on Thanksgivin' Day.

There's just my wife, the kid an' me,
That duck would just be right for three!
To tend him was our daily care,
He got good water, grub and air;
He grew like sixty—big and fat;
I built a roost—he hissed at that!
He foiled my dreams and crushed my pride!
Thanksgivin' eve he up and died!

There by his trough he calmly laid;
Fond hopes of dinner 'gan to fade—
Perhaps he played that trick for spite—
But now he's dead, what use to fight?
We'll only have plain milk and mush,
Our appetites with which to hush;
We're thankful yet—don't mean to kick—
Ef we'd et him we'd all been sick.



CRADLE SONG

The deepening twilight bids thee hush,
The stars light up the milky-way,
Lie still and listen to the thrush
As he thrills this soothing lay:
Hush, sweet baby, hush!

The oriole's babes are sleeping now,
No fears distress them in their nest,
Cozily swinging from the bough
Close to their mother's breast:
Hush, sweet baby, hush!

As close, dear babe, I am holding thee,
Trust like the birds—to trust is well,
For thou art dear to God—and me;
And this the Saviour came to tell:
Hush, sweet baby, hush!



UGLY ELLEN

October's blasts blow raw and chill
In frolic mad o'er vale and hill;
Around the house they shriek and moan—
Through leafless trees they whizz and groan,
In whirling eddies in the street,
Dead leaves and twigs in mourning meet;
The dark comes quick with noises queer—
The most depressing time of year.

A mother sat in her kitchen neat,
Preparing toothsome things to eat—
Came hurried steps and draught so cool,
To prove that Ellen was home from school;
She came with song and laugh before—
Today her books drop to the floor,
As sinking down at mother's knee,
She gives full vent to misery.

When Ellen's grief was nearly spent,
The mother into causes went;
For none can find in any land,
A friend so quick to understand;
And none can comfort—dry the tears,
Renew the hope and calm the fears,
Like mother 'neath the shrine of home,
Where grief-tried hearts should always come.

" 'Twas Jennie Northrup made that speech—
The others love to hear her preach!
She thinks she's smart because she's rich!
She's pretty—but she needs the switch.
I cannot help my carrot locks,
Or being clumsy as an ox—
My freckles and my poor pug-nose,
Are poor excuse for snobbish blows."

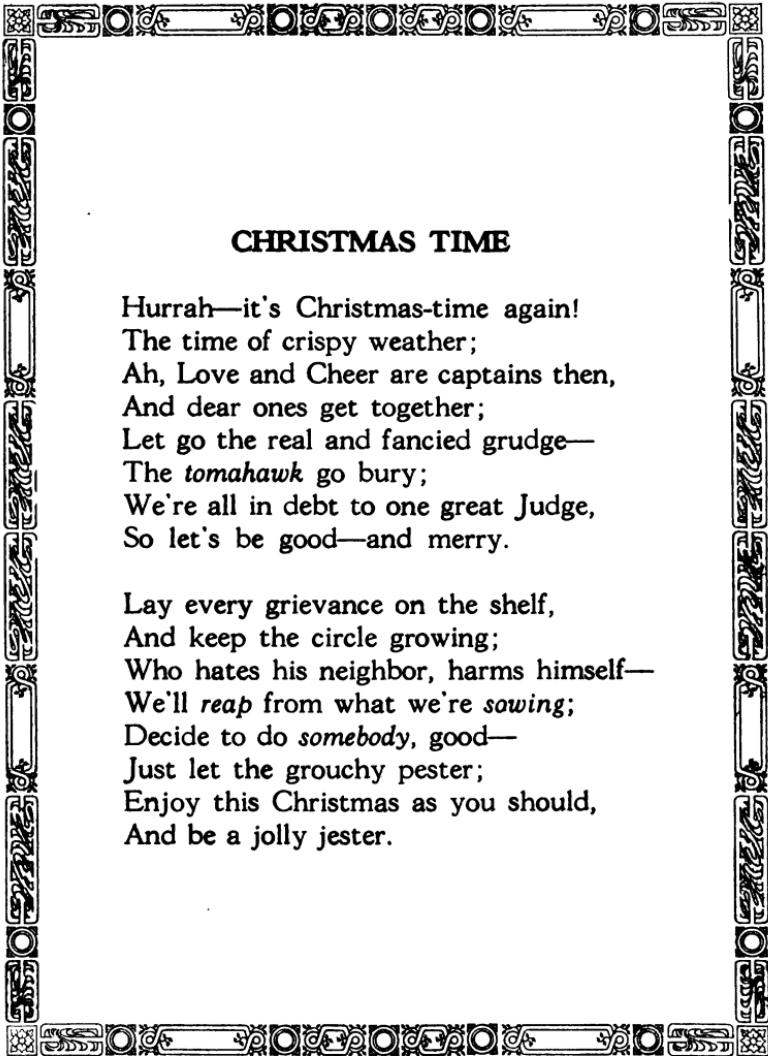
“ ‘That Ellen’s face will be her doom—
She is the ugliest in our room—
The rich and handsome men, you’ll see,
All marry pretty girls, like me!
But ugly girls like her—why fudge!
She’s bound to be a kitchen drudge—
But I’ll wear silks and be a queen,
While such as she, get envy-green.’ ”

The mother said: “Don’t cry, my child—
Your school-mate’s frank, but far from mild;
Yet all her dreams may not come true—
We’ll hope to see the matter through;
A ‘beauty’ is unfortunate—
At best she finds a jealous mate—
Is spoiled, made selfish, kept a toy;
Will have temptation—know least joy.”

“For Beauty kindles carnal fires—
Makes worldly things bind all desires;
Thus selfish traits grow on apace—
The vanities of life debase;
You can’t be beautiful—’Tis so!
You *can* be clean and goodness show;
Improve your mind, gain charm and grace,
And make of home a happy place.”

October’s blasts blow raw and chill,
In frolic mad, o’er vale and hill—
Around the house they shriek and moan,
Through leafless trees they whizz and groan;
But Ellen feels no more depressed
For hidden deep within her breast
Are mother-sown ideals to prize
Which Ellen means to realize.





CHRISTMAS TIME

Hurrah—it's Christmas-time again!
The time of crispy weather;
Ah, Love and Cheer are captains then,
And dear ones get together;
Let go the real and fancied grudge—
The *tomahawk* go bury;
We're all in debt to one great Judge,
So let's be good—and merry.

Lay every grievance on the shelf,
And keep the circle growing;
Who hates his neighbor, harms himself—
We'll *reap* from what we're *sowing*;
Decide to do *somebody*, good—
Just let the grouchy pester;
Enjoy this Christmas as you should,
And be a jolly jester.

Let holly from the curtains swing—
Have mistletoe in plenty;
Break up your wrinkles—laugh and sing—
Make old folks act like twenty;
An *innocent* kiss will work no ill,
Though cheeks blush like a cherry;
Make some sad heart with pleasure thrill—
It's Christmas-time—be merry!

If fortune hasn't smiled on you,
And you can't give *one* present,
Brush up your seedy clothes and do
Your best at being pleasant;
Though Christmas finds you wandered far
Away from kindred's bevy,
Don't let *hard times* your spirits mar—
Let mails with *Love* be heavy.

Now when you get to *feeling good*,
Be gentle as a rabbit—
Retain your Christmas smile and cheer,
Until you *get the habit*;
Just let your war-tools rust and rot—
Though worldlings think you flappy—
A grudge *gets even* when forgot!
It's Christmas-time—be happy!



DEAR LITTLE HAND

Dear little hand and wise little heart,
Words cannot measure the sweet you impart;
Blessed am I since you understand,
And I know that you love me by this little
hand.

Dear little hand—it is a cold world—
Into a wreck are one's hopes sometimes
hurled;
There stands no soul so brave or so grand,
But needs such a comfort as this little hand.

Dear little hand, I ever will prize
Your gentle touch and the news it implies;
Care flies away when this magic wand,
Creeps softly to me—Oh, this dear little
hand.

Dear little hand—why, what would I do,
Without my heavenly Father and you?
Mercy He showed toward me when He
planned,
Unselfish devotion from this little hand.



A ROSE

She gave me a rose—she gave me a smile—
The heart of me glowed with pleasure the
while;

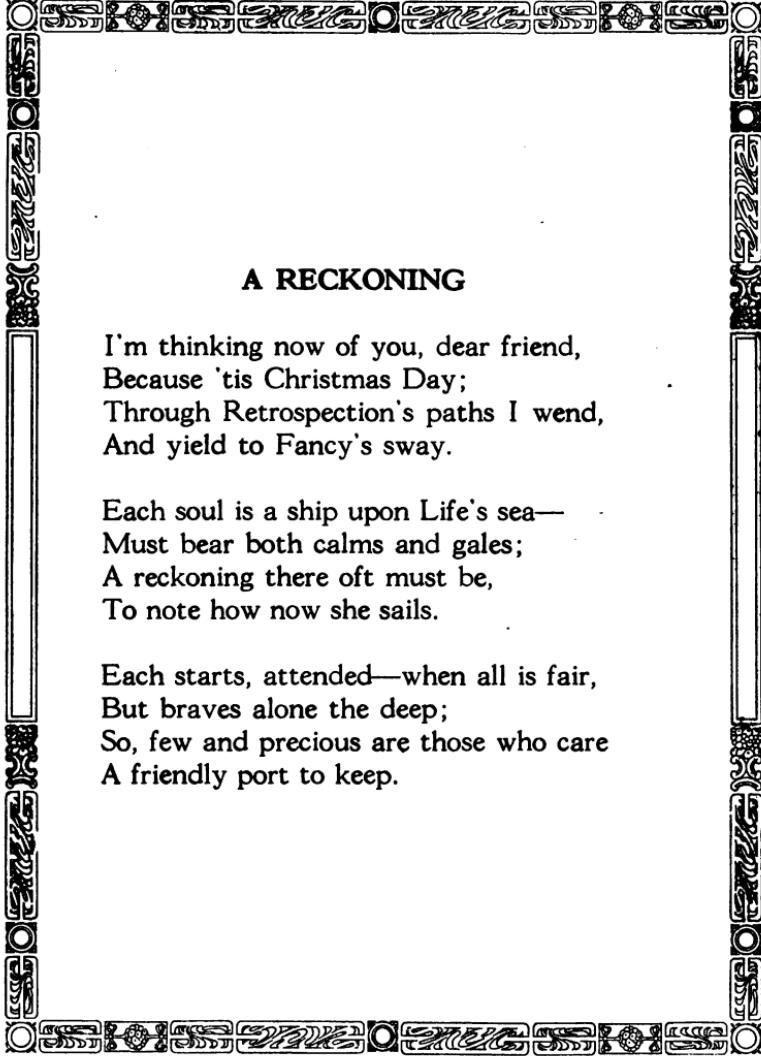
A symbol of thought—how shall I express
The blessing that came from her pure caress?

She gave me a rose—her womanly hands
Just lingered a while—the mem'ry still
stands;

A smile born of God was that flower's
grace—

A beam of His love shone in her sweet face.





A RECKONING

I'm thinking now of you, dear friend,
Because 'tis Christmas Day;
Through Retrospection's paths I wend,
And yield to Fancy's sway.

Each soul is a ship upon Life's sea—
Must bear both calms and gales;
A reckoning there oft must be,
To note how now she sails.

Each starts, attended—when all is fair,
But braves alone the deep;
So, few and precious are those who care
A friendly port to keep.

The times and things we two have shared—
Which formed our common ground,
Have woven bonds which Love has spared,
Since Faith our friendship crowned.

I'll think of you throughout the year,
At rest, at work and mart;
There'll always be your place, my dear—
A shrine within my heart.

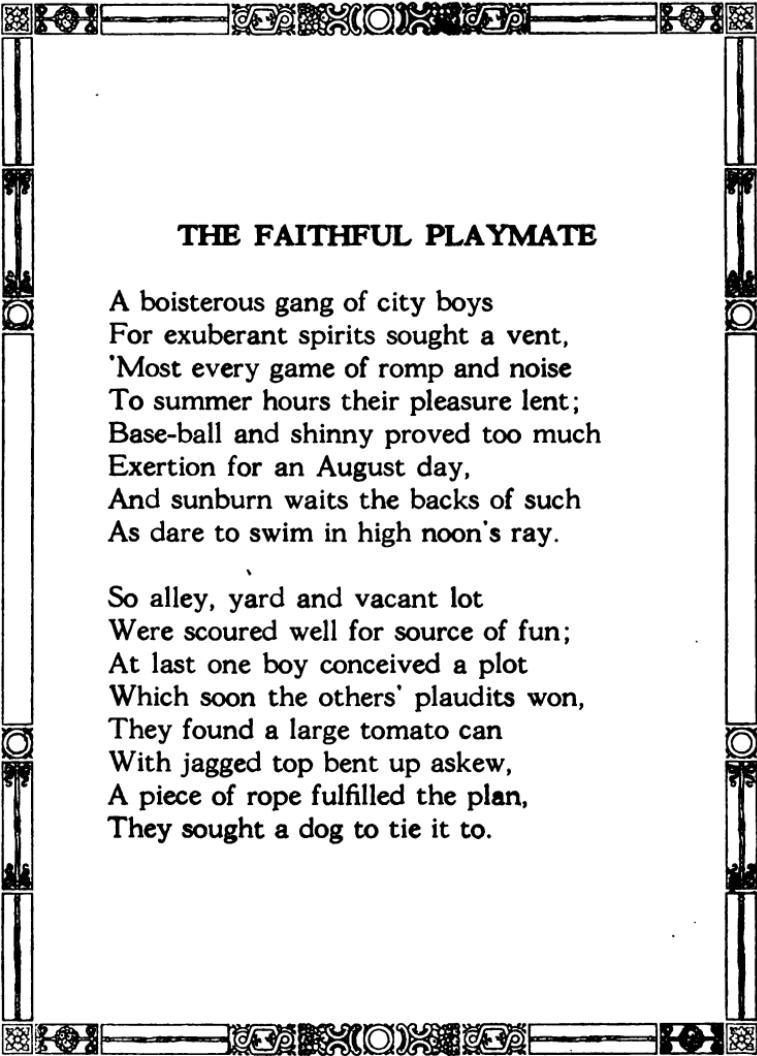


PRAYER

O blessed means of ease whereby to bring
Our burdens, hopes, ambitions, to His feet,
In meekness **trusting** in His mercy sweet—
The worthiness of Jesus Christ the King!
Thus to the winds may we our worries
fling—

For Faith is honored at the mercy seat;
According to His will must we entreat,
For then the Song of Victory we may sing.
Sweet **privilege** of every child of God—
To know **God is!** and really does reward
The earnest who intelligently plod
And hold communion with the **risen Lord**
Although proud carnal interests beck and
nod—
These find **His blessing** on their spirits
poured.

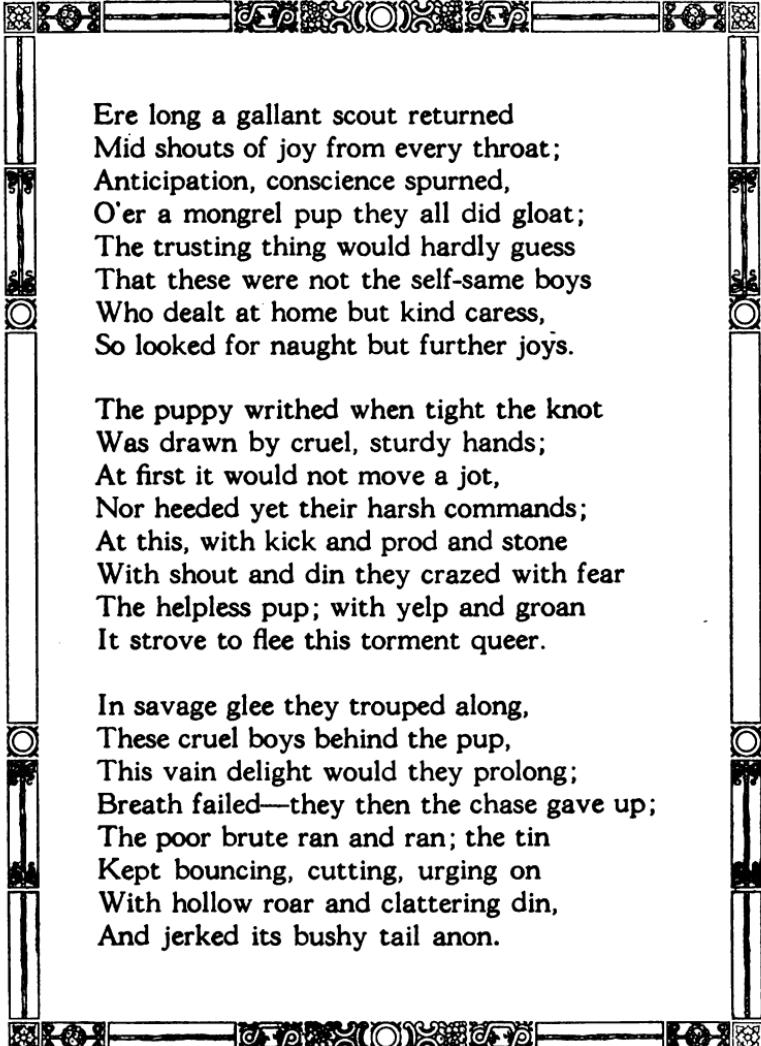




THE FAITHFUL PLAYMATE

A boisterous gang of city boys
For exuberant spirits sought a vent,
'Most every game of romp and noise
To summer hours their pleasure lent;
Base-ball and shinny proved too much
Exertion for an August day,
And sunburn waits the backs of such
As dare to swim in high noon's ray.

So alley, yard and vacant lot
Were scoured well for source of fun;
At last one boy conceived a plot
Which soon the others' plaudits won,
They found a large tomato can
With jagged top bent up askew,
A piece of rope fulfilled the plan,
They sought a dog to tie it to.



Ere long a gallant scout returned
Mid shouts of joy from every throat;
Anticipation, conscience spurned,
O'er a mongrel pup they all did gloat;
The trusting thing would hardly guess
That these were not the self-same boys
Who dealt at home but kind caress,
So looked for naught but further joys.

The puppy writhed when tight the knot
Was drawn by cruel, sturdy hands;
At first it would not move a jot,
Nor heeded yet their harsh commands;
At this, with kick and prod and stone
With shout and din they crazed with fear
The helpless pup; with yelp and groan
It strove to flee this torment queer.

In savage glee they troup'd along,
These cruel boys behind the pup,
This vain delight would they prolong;
Breath failed—they then the chase gave up;
The poor brute ran and ran; the tin
Kept bouncing, cutting, urging on
With hollow roar and clattering din,
And jerked its bushy tail anon.

So slower and yet more slow it went,
Nor riddance found from that behind,
With trembling limb and vigor spent,
Its eyes to further danger blind,
The pup turned down a busy street
Where vehicles in passing met;
It dodged confused—no longer fleet—
And danger every way beset.

The tin hung fast on a cobble-stone,
The poor thing tugged with all its might;
In dumb despair, with hope o'erthrown,
The pup cowed down in sorry plight;
A wagon rushed above its head—
How vainly oft the helpless beg—
The horse's pounding hoofs were fled,
But one wheel crushed the pup's fore-leg.

From nearby rushed a different lad
From those who please to work such harms—
The end of that mean prank was sad—
He took the dog up in his arms;
With tears of pity streaming down
His boyish face, he homeward ran—
His brows all puckered in a frown—
The fight for that dog's life began.

The men-folks said to shoot the beast,
And end its suffering right away;
The boy said: "Well, we can at least
Bind up its leg and let it lay
Right there a while, and if it's hurt
So it must die, we'll find that out;
And then there's time enough to squirt
Your lead-pills." So it came about.

Some said the bones would never mend,
And that the foot would soon drop off;
The boy replied: "That loss won't end
Its growl and bark—no one need scoff.
A good three-legged dog suits me
Far better than a four-limbed cur,
And this young canine I can see,
Has got more sense than folks who slur."

The dog got well. The wooden leg
The boy had whittled out was thrown
Away with joy—a natural peg
Is sure the very best that's grown.
The dog soon reached maturity—
Its name of "Beauty" well deserved—
In breed it lacked in purity
But its faith and sense were oft observed.

It loved to play the horse for Tim,
And drew him on his roller skates
Along cemented walks—for him
A snap—soon envied by his mates,
When winter came, hitched to a sled
The dog could pull the groceries home;
On zero nights, it proved in bed,
A silk foot-warmer in quilted dome.

If baby strayed toward danger, then
The dog pulled gently by the skirt;
Thrice burglars gained an entrance when
The family slept; ere aught was hurt
The sagacious dog had roused the house
And put the sneak to hasty flight;
He came as stealthy as a mouse,
But left, slam bang, for the jet of night.

The dog would chase a ball or stick
And bring it back from field or pond,
Jump rope, catch crackers—do many a
trick—
Of a dog, no kids could be more fond.
When placed on the piano-seat,
On the keys its paws would raise and drop,
Throw back its head and howl in a sweet
Round, mellow scale, from base to top.

Some jealous person telephoned
Complaint to the police one day;
For paying dog-tax had been postponed—
Hard times had come the family's way;
The officer came for a killing rude—
He searched the place; in vain he chid!
A box that once held breakfast food
Concealed the dog 'neath wood-pile hid.

But the father said, the dog must go—
A fine for him who'd foil the law—
But Tim bore ill to have it so—
His dad the dog no longer saw!
They played as usual through the day,
But the dog was hid when darkness came;
'Twas safe while dad was off at work—
This kind deception who will blame?

At meal-time, Tim would use his blouse
For a safe, and slip from off his plate,
His share of meat, and leave the house
Just after—thus the canine ate.
The boy went "junkin'" every day,
Sought rags, old iron, copper and brass;
The junk-man bought—thus Tim could pay
That dog-tax—his dad's veto pass.

The dog was only medium size,
But feared no thing or great or small;
At catching rats this pet was wise—
A spitz-and-terrier loves a brawl.
It was first to greet those homeward bound,
And once when a bully jumped on Tim,
A cause to rue at once he found,
For Beauty's jaws had squeezed his limb.

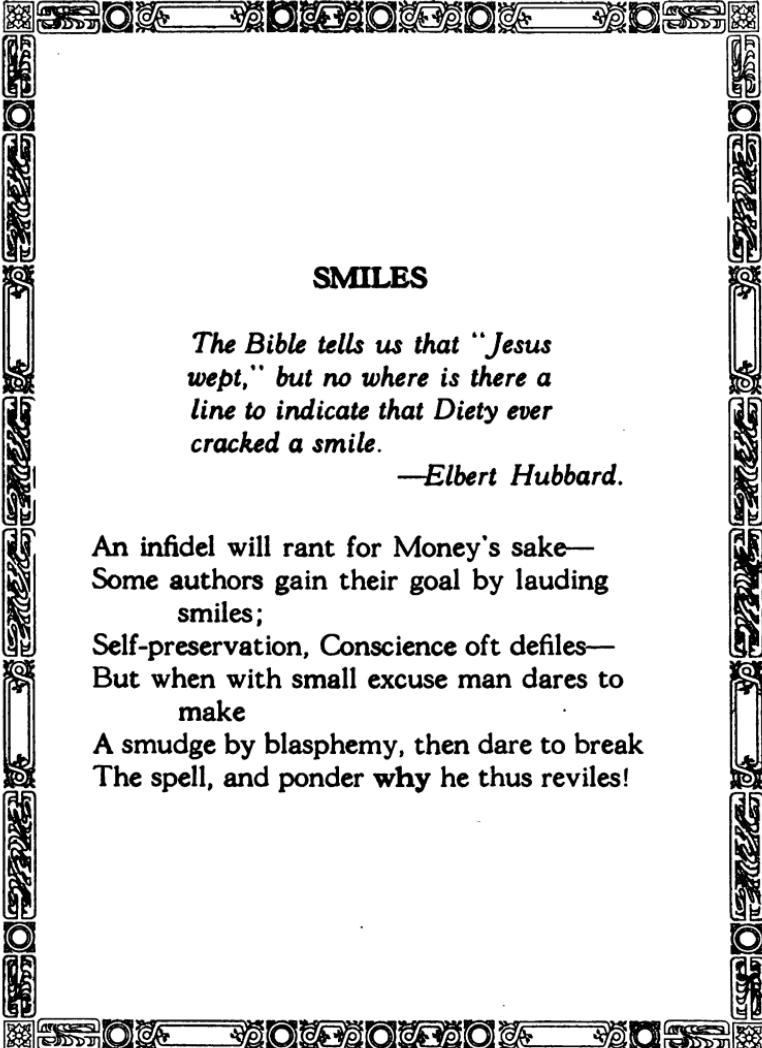
He vowed revenge and later threw
Some poisoned meat where 'twould be found;
He watched it eat and bragged he knew
The route on which that dog was bound;
The druggist taxed his keenest wit—
For the suffering brute no hope was shed;
The neighbors helped and none did quit—
But late that night 'twas left for dead.

The children cried themselves to sleep,
And hard men showed some sympathy,
While Beauty gasped with anguish deep,
For death could not far distant be.
Imagine then the joyous shock
When sharp and clear rang out a bark
As the milk-man came at four o'clock
Then all troup'd out as from Noah's Ark.

Till Tim was man-grown did it live,
And talked with its expressive eyes;
Of gold and lands it had naught to give—
But faithful love is a greater prize;
Let's not forget the pets grown old—
From present need let's kindly save—
And when such friend lies stark and cold,
In memory respect its grave.

As this dog, few as noble are—
Some make too much of a household pet—
But seek in youth to firmly bar
The tendency to tease and fret;
To crush a worm or maim a fly
Just to see a struggle for escape and life,
Will lead to the gallows bye and bye—
To love or let alone, sure room is rife.





SMILES

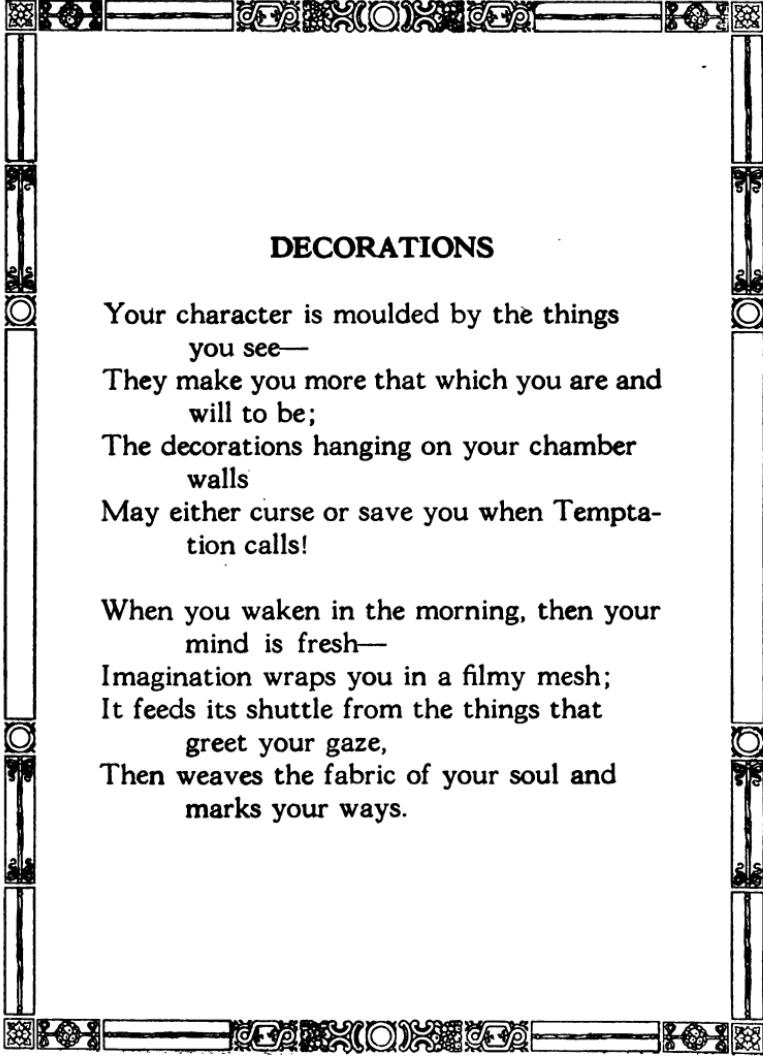
The Bible tells us that "Jesus wept," but no where is there a line to indicate that Diety ever cracked a smile.

—Elbert Hubbard.

An infidel will rant for Money's sake—
Some authors gain their goal by lauding
smiles;
Self-preservation, Conscience oft defiles—
But when with small excuse man dares to
make
A smudge by blasphemy, then dare to break
The spell, and ponder why he thus reviles!

Now, smiles are seen where man a maid
beguiles,
Or bold deceit the victim's arms must take;
Where teasing banter dares to conscious
 wrong—
Or stinging sarcasm blights some soul with
 shame.
The nobler traits to a passive face belong.
Those money-changers saw no smile when
 came
The One who drove them out despite the
 throng—
For Good is calm, and always beams the
 same.





DECORATIONS

Your character is moulded by the things
you see—
They make you more than which you are and
will to be;
The decorations hanging on your chamber
walls
May either curse or save you when Tempta-
tion calls!

When you waken in the morning, then your
mind is fresh—
Imagination wraps you in a filmy mesh;
It feeds its shuttle from the things that
greet your gaze,
Then weaves the fabric of your soul and
marks your ways.

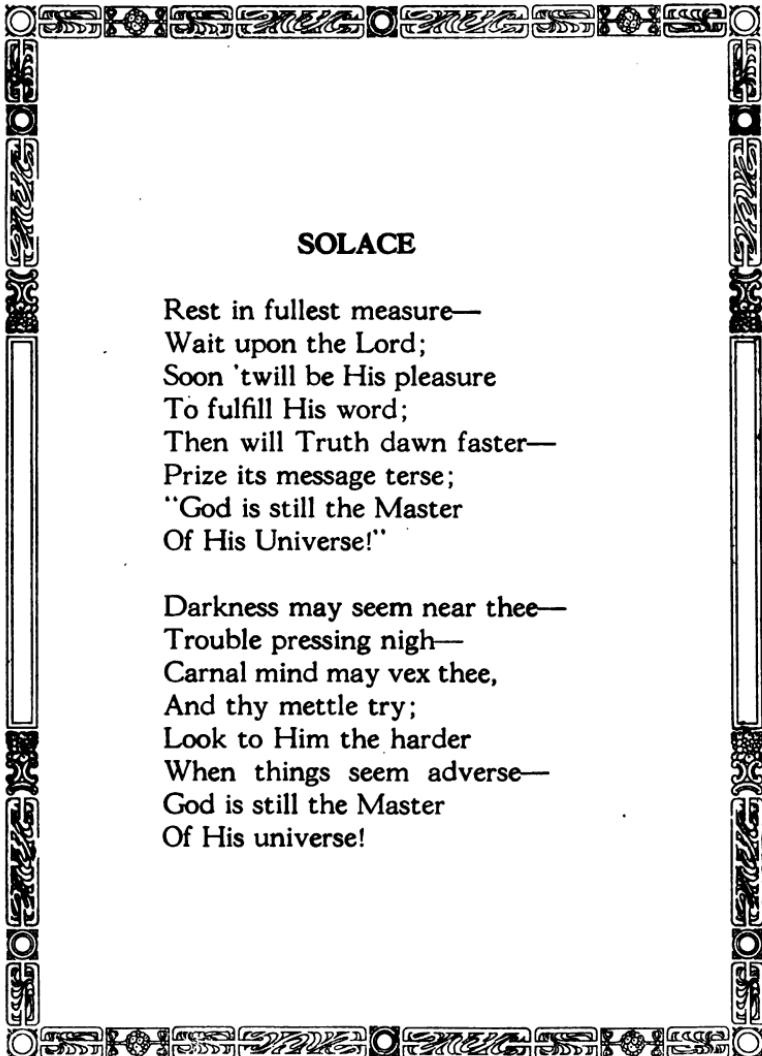
If in your bachelor hall there hangs some
treasured thing
That you need blush to show a virgin,
priest or king:
Go, burn it in the furnace and forget its
worth—
'Tis better you make progress than to own
the earth.



FAITH

No soul is born upon this mundane sphere
But has his heritage—though it be small—
Some faith—the most essential gift of all,
Since life without it could not persevere;
It grows by use or blights from tests severe;
Advancement, naught but sloth can long
forestall,
And firm it stands when sight and senses fall!
Through faith comes poise—the banishment
of fear.
The simple think it plain credulity—
Impressions oft their minds and hearts be-
night;
Debauched are they by vain philosophy;
'Tis faith in God that makes man full of
might—
Which holds His Word the true authority—
For such will God arise and prove the right.





SOLACE

Rest in fullest measure—
Wait upon the Lord;
Soon 'twill be His pleasure
To fulfill His word;
Then will Truth dawn faster—
Prize its message terse;
"God is still the Master
Of His Universe!"

Darkness may seem near thee—
Trouble pressing nigh—
Carnal mind may vex thee,
And thy mettle try;
Look to Him the harder
When things seem adverse—
God is still the Master
Of His universe!

Naught can ever harm thee,
Thine is trust secure—
God is in, and 'round thee—
Let not sense allure;
In His will abiding,
None can good reverse;
God is still the Master
Of his universe.



BE A MAN

There are far too many **lazy-bones**—
Leisure-loving, tired drones;
They oft “plead sick”—this shiftless clan—
Reject the call to **be a man!**!

Who wants to be a millionaire—
Without a need—without a care?
‘Tis best to join the useful van—
‘Tis no small thing to **be a man!**!

Not many die from overwork
Or need be shown a way to shirk;
More fear they’ll miss the **easiest** plan,
Than heed the motto ‘**Be a man!**’

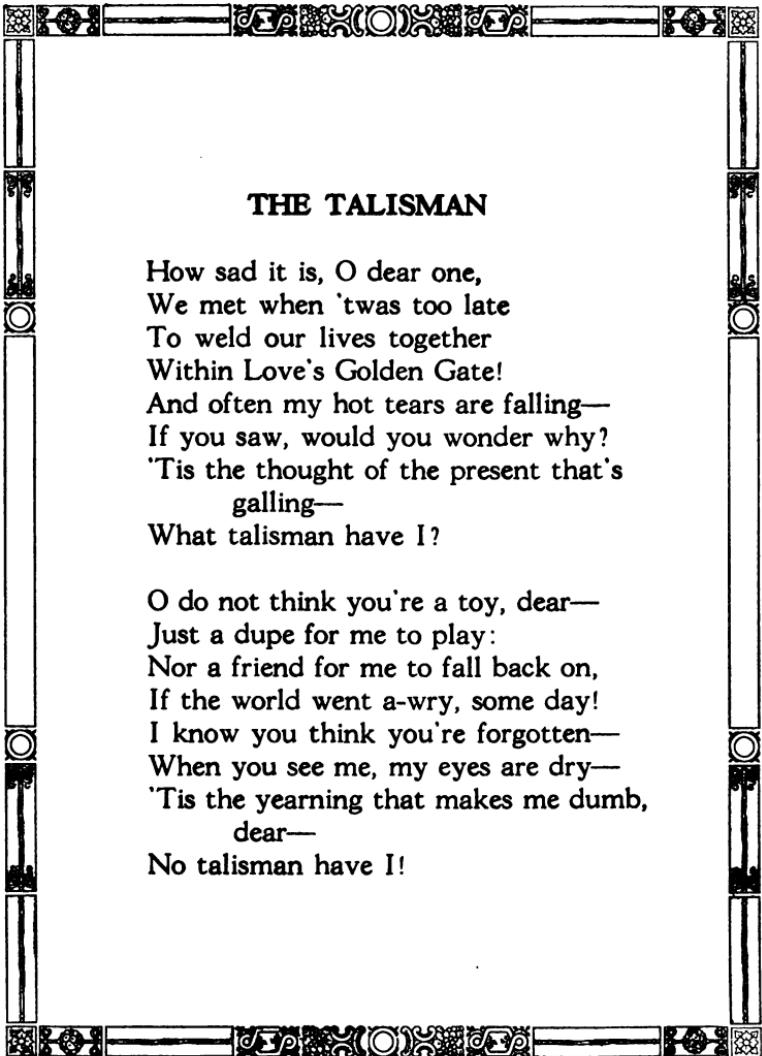
Don’t seek excuse for doing wrong,
Or justify the whiner’s song;
On filthy talk, maintain a ban—
It takes back-bone to be a man!

Be thorough, lad, in all you do,
Remember God is watching you;
What **has** been done, just know you can
Do quite as well—just **be a man!**

Be competent—you'll find delight
In doing things with **all your might!**
With rambling thoughts most wrecks
began—
Mind well each task and **be a man!**

Don't hide behind a woman's skirt,
Or flinch and cry before you're hurt;
While others **can't**, stay with your "**can**"—
The lad who **wills** can **be a man!**





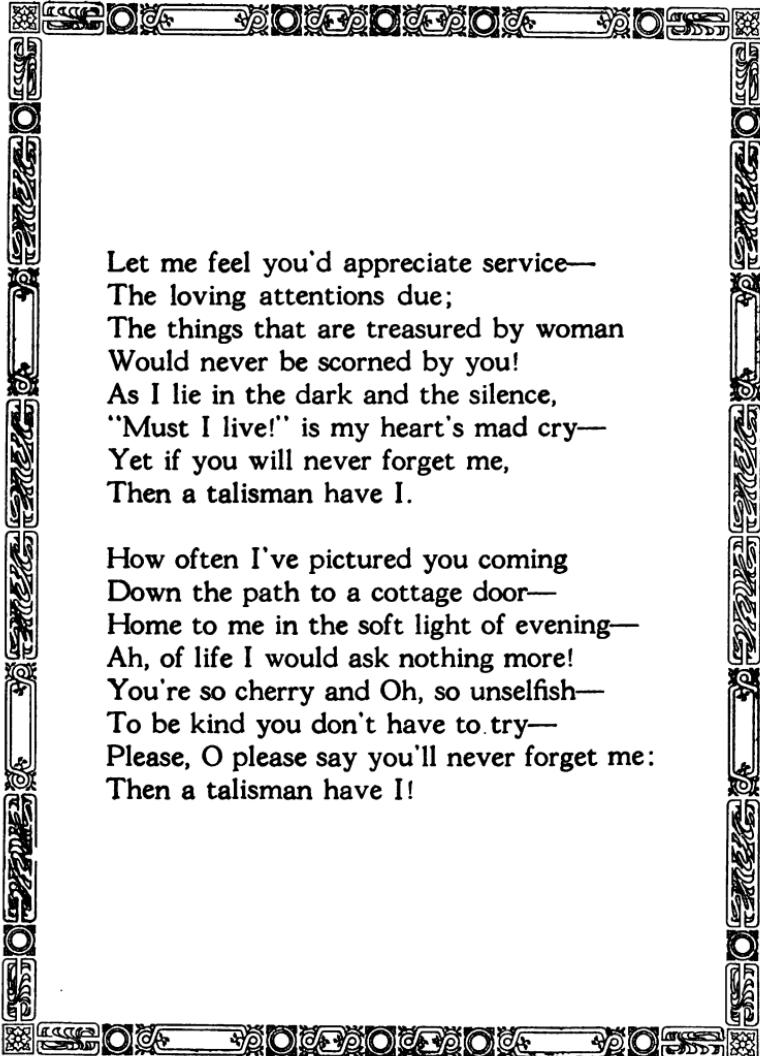
THE TALISMAN

How sad it is, O dear one,
We met when 'twas too late
To weld our lives together
Within Love's Golden Gate!
And often my hot tears are falling—
If you saw, would you wonder why?
'Tis the thought of the present that's
galling—
What talisman have I?

O do not think you're a toy, dear—
Just a dupe for me to play:
Nor a friend for me to fall back on,
If the world went a-wry, some day!
I know you think you're forgotten—
When you see me, my eyes are dry—
'Tis the yearning that makes me dumb,
dear—
No talisman have I!

O do not think I would hold you,
Through vanity to feel
The pleasure of admiration,
Another man's love to seal.
And to think that things could not be
changed dear,
No matter how hard we might try—
Happiness only comes through good con-
science—
No talisman have I!

What a comfort to dream of sincere love—
Of things that might have been
If we only had met years ago, dear,
And my hand you had cared to win.
Let me feel you would never have left me
Alone with no comfort nigh
Just to wait for your tardy returning—
Then a talisman have I.



Let me feel you'd appreciate service—
The loving attentions due;
The things that are treasured by woman
Would never be scorned by you!
As I lie in the dark and the silence,
"Must I live!" is my heart's mad cry—
Yet if you will never forget me,
Then a talisman have I.

How often I've pictured you coming
Down the path to a cottage door—
Home to me in the soft light of evening—
Ah, of life I would ask nothing more!
You're so cherry and Oh, so unselfish—
To be kind you don't have to try—
Please, O please say you'll never forget me:
Then a talisman have I!

O my Dream-love—could I but see you—
Though barriers forever stay—
Just to know you were well and happy
Would comfort me day by day.
If all men would do right like you dear,
With your principles so high,
This old world would be freer of heart-aches—
This talisman have I!



SELF-WILL

How oft we hear the stubborn say,
In everything, "I'll have my way";
How blind are some to simple Truth—
Experience must teach these youth.

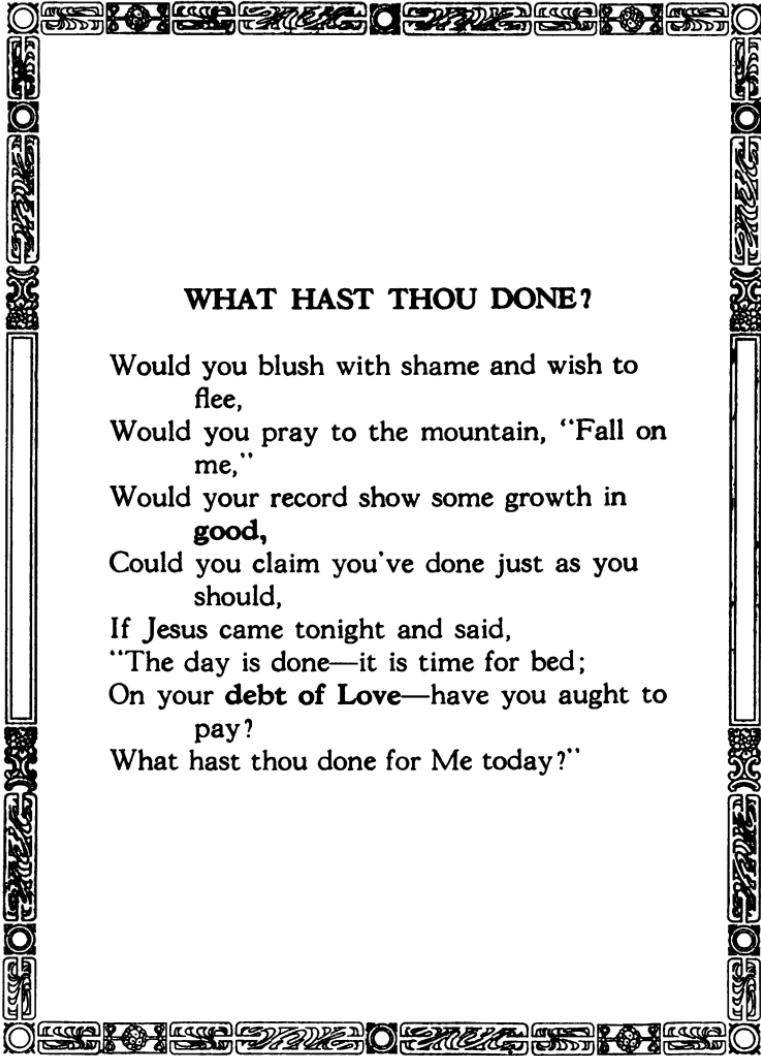
As little children we should be,
None but the meek his God will see;
Toward least resistance have respect,
For then has force compound effect.

The happiest folk are self-possessed;
They say, "I want the way that's best!"
Thus restful calm replaces strife,
From a better attitude toward life.

There's nothing quite so easy, friend,
As to be mistaken—don't contend
Too fiercely for your present view—
The horizon soon may change for you.

'Tis base in him who thus requires
Defeat of another's fair desires;
But he who triumphs o'er self, indeed,
Achieves man's first and greatest need.





WHAT HAST THOU DONE?

Would you blush with shame and wish to
flee,
Would you pray to the mountain, "Fall on
me,"
Would your record show some growth in
good,
Could you claim you've done just as you
should,
If Jesus came tonight and said,
"The day is done—it is time for bed;
On your **debt of Love**—have you aught to
pay?
What hast thou done for Me today?"

They are dead who but for pleasure live,
They who ask for much yet so little give;
If we love not men whom we now can see,
Can we love the **Unseen**, who caused us to
be?

If Christ should come as you go to rest,
Could you justly ask to be further blessed?
Couldst reply with pride when He should
say:

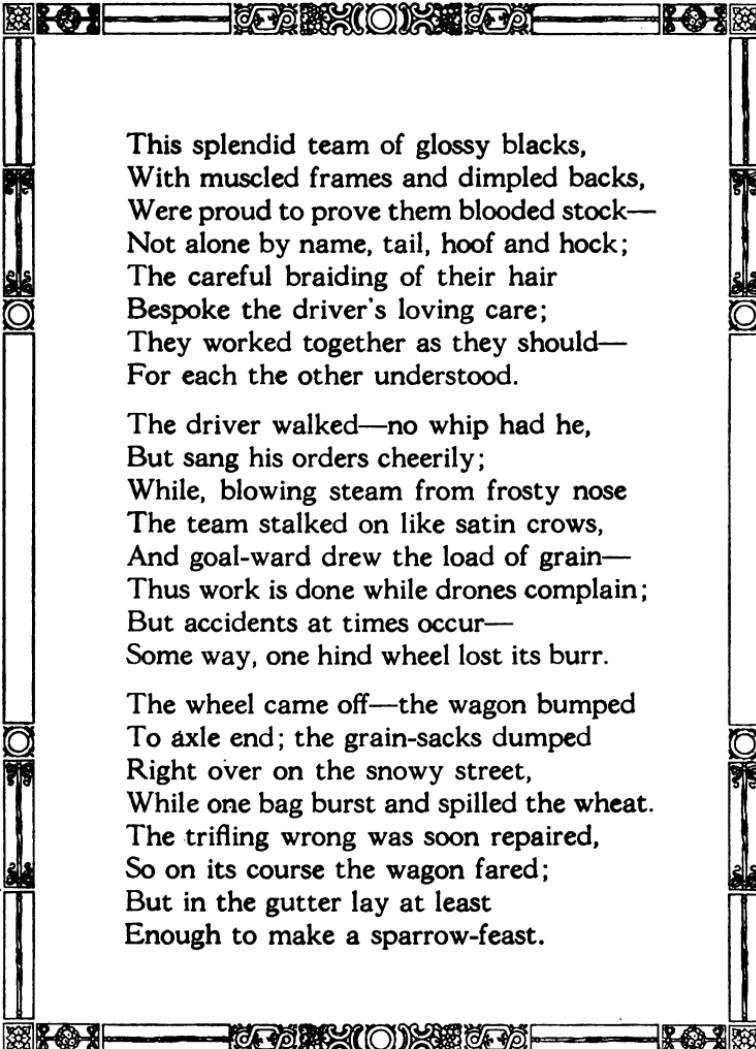
“What hast thou done for Me today?



SHARING

On a winter day a bird went out
To search for food and gaze about;
He cocked his head from side to side—
His keen, bright eyes were opened wide;
No vantage point was missed by him—
From house-top out to leafless limb,
From telegraph wire to sheltered nook,
His pathless way he boldly took.

The feed-store dray passed up the street—
The snow crunched gay, 'neath wheels and
feet;
The sturdy horses, winter wise,
Jack Frost took seldom by surprise;
For carefully, each well-caulked foot
Was lifted high and firmly put
To earth again—without a goad
They bravely drew their heavy load.



This splendid team of glossy blacks,
With muscled frames and dimpled backs,
Were proud to prove them blooded stock—
Not alone by name, tail, hoof and hock;
The careful braiding of their hair
Bespoke the driver's loving care;
They worked together as they should—
For each the other understood.

The driver walked—no whip had he,
But sang his orders cheerily;
While, blowing steam from frosty nose
The team stalked on like satin crows,
And goal-ward drew the load of grain—
Thus work is done while drones complain;
But accidents at times occur—
Some way, one hind wheel lost its burr.

The wheel came off—the wagon bumped
To axle end; the grain-sacks dumped
Right over on the snowy street,
While one bag burst and spilled the wheat.
The trifling wrong was soon repaired,
So on its course the wagon fared;
But in the gutter lay at least
Enough to make a sparrow-feast.

It chanced the feathered scout was near—
The accident just made him cheer!
He swooped right down with hungry bill
And picked till he had 'most his fill;
But soon recalled his flock of friends—
He well makes haste whom conscience
 sends—
He flew to tell what he had spied—
How chance had now their need supplied.

With cries of joy they swooped along
Behind the guide—a noisy throng;
Why, hunger makes e'en sluggards fleet
When bound for where's enough to eat;
Be sure, ere I've had time to tell,
The sparrows gained their goal and fell
To filling crops—none but were deft—
They ate till not a grain was left.

Of man, of brute and bird, the more
One sees, the more one feels at core,
Respect and love are better stirred
By faithful beast and cheerful bird
Than by gross man—he will lie in wait
To causeless, slay, hold grudge, and hate!
Who builds a fence around his good
Instead of *sharing* as he should.

A horse will do his best till death
Shall rob his frame of power and breath—
Fulfils his duty, brave and true,
Yet seldom reaps reward that's due;
If you e'er win his confidence
He'll be your friend till Time calls hence
Or beast or master—yet man claims
To be above all else in aims.

Man seldom patterns after bird—
If Fortune smiles, be sure no word
Will ever get to friends away,
Unless—somehow he sees, '*will pay*;
By wit and law he *holds* his find,
And tries to keep his comrades blind;
No act of his seems counted odd
Since man of gold has made a god.

Thus if some trickster takes him in,
To repeat on a friend he calls no sin;
Since by this means, his purse repaired,
Regrets are few, though the trick be aired;
To a school for wits, he will gladly come—
Hypocrisy has the premium—
Now artful deceit's a stock in trade,
Whereby sly deals are soonest made.

Man takes advantage of the weak—
The widow and orphan he will seek;
Then to wean them from their little hoard,
Lets principle go by the board;
Self-seeking is his creed through life—
It leaves not even for his wife;
At pleasure, home and business—still
The blight is seen, of selfish will.

Though man be lord of earth's domain—
God's noblest creature—first in brain—
He murders his own happiness—
Is lonely—sick of faithlessness
Of friend and kindred—hates the cup
Of bitterness he is forced to sup
At the hands of Father Time; but drink
He must—yet how he longs to shrink!

Man wants his friends to share his woe,
But reverses when the blessings flow;
The birds do just the opposite,
As to and fro they gaily flit;
They share their benefactions free—
Maintain their twittering minstrelsy;
For garnering, they have no expense—
Like lilies, trust God's providence.

Of traitors he is worst of all
Who over friendship lays a pall—
Or prostitutes the holiest tie
To laying filthy lucre by;
The hardened world we cannot change,
But from his *good*, let's not estrange
A fellow traveller, blessed with more
Of faith in man than trickster's lore.

Let us be more like beast and bird—
There is no sound, save it be heard;
There is no spectacle—save there be
A mind to mark—a soul to see;
There is no love, save what is shown
To that outside one's selfish own;
There is no joy—except we share—
Sow *right*, and reap it everywhere.

Be generous and sincere yourself—
Esteem a friend much more than self;
Enlarge your range of common ground—
For thus a realm of joy is found;
Don't try to put your comrade down—
Such victories gain a *tinsel* crown;
Get together—that band of friends and
you—
'Twill lend to life a rosy hue!



DARK HOURS

Each soul through unknown mazes goes—
Must take his stripes and share of woes;
Deep wisdom moves God's plans along—
Our problems met but make us strong.

Stand fast—unmoved whate'er the view—
Jehovah-God will see you through;
He changeth not—so rest secure—
His Word the seeker will assure.

Dark hours must come—who can escape?
Yet tears the future oft mis-shape;
For every woe there stands a pledge—
God's grace is all our present hedge.

Dark hours will come when none can see,
Yet God knows our extremity;
The souls that gain the mountain's crest,
Look back and see, God's way is best!



CONTEMPLATION

Truth, precious and eternal treasure,
O let me see;
Life, love and all enduring pleasure
Spring forth from Thee.

Let me unfold through apprehension
Of boundless Good;
Let nothing else hold my attention,
Since naught else should.

No failure comes to him in concord
With his true Source;
This comfort now I firmly hold, Lord,
And love Thy course.

My God, my All—my loving Father—
Thy Truth makes free!
O let that mind which dwells in Jesus
Abound in me.



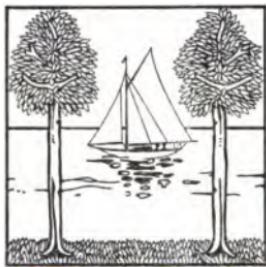
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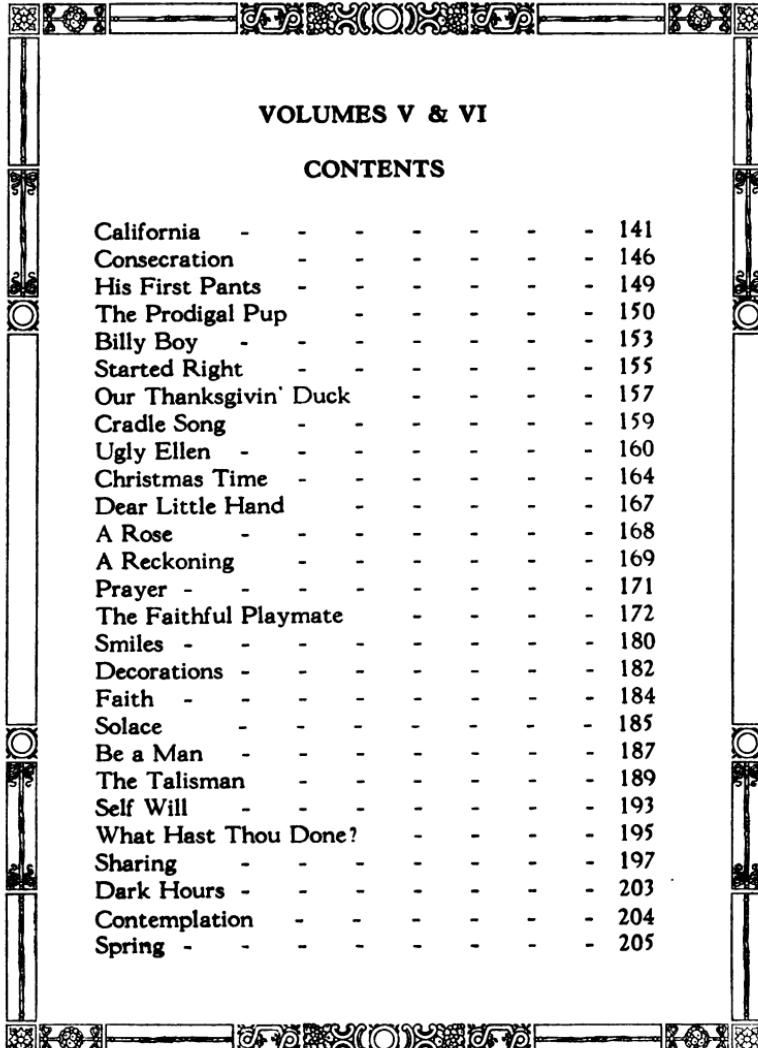
Velvet hills on every hand—
Nature broods o'er vale and rand;
Water lilies grace each pond—
Poppies deck the fields beyond.

Mountain-peak, with hoary head,
Purple robes o'er him are spread—
Towers in grandeur—awe instills—
Father of the lesser hills.

Leave your carking cares behind,
Poor are those to Nature blind;
Winter gone—all's new in Spring—
With the birds exultant sing.



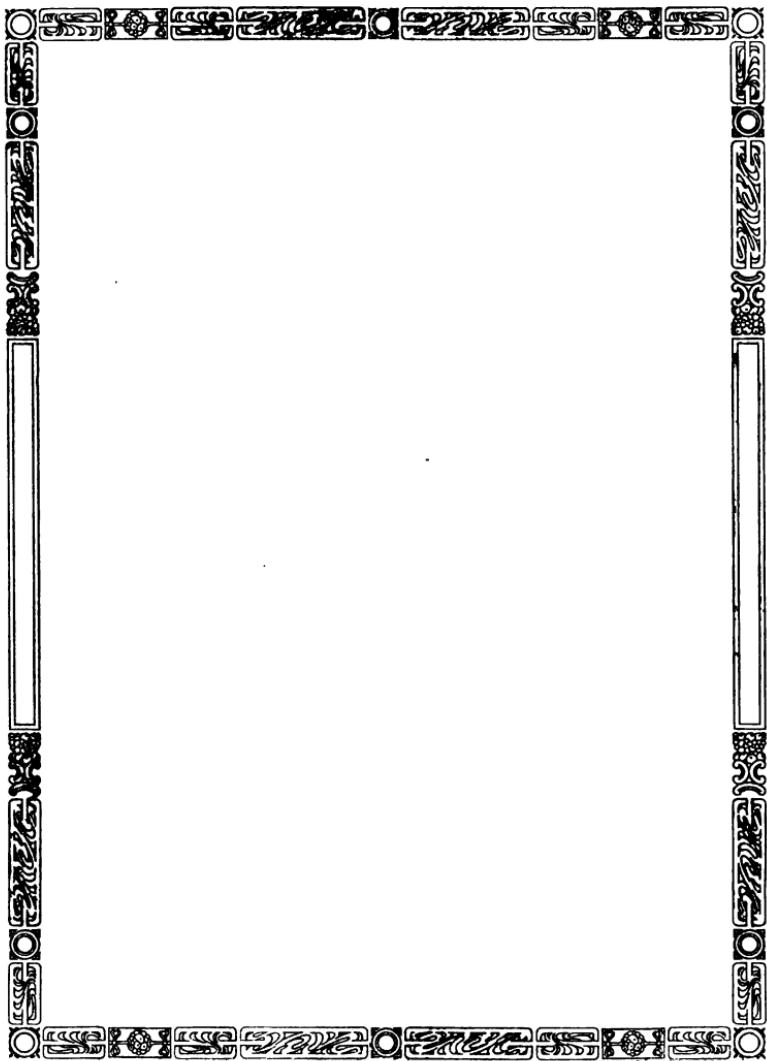




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